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Gipsy Smith's best sermons

Gipsy Smith

GIPSY SMITH'S

BEST SERMONS

AS DELIVERED IN BROOKLYN,

AND PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM
BY ARRANGEMENT WITH
THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE.

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AS DELIVERED IN BROOKLYN

Not Since the Memorable Days of Mood and Sankey has any Evangelist Stirre and Impressed the Hearts and Lives o the People as has Gipsy Smith in hi Sermons in Brooklyn.

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

In issuing Gipsy Smith's Sermons in a handy form for general circulation, we believe we are doing a good work, as never since the memorable days of Moody and Sankey have the hearts and lives of the people been stirred as they have by these sermons, as delivered in Brooklyn.

We are under special obligations to "The Brooklyn Daily Eagle" for permission to print them in book form.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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Gipsy Smith's Best Sermons.

THE STORY OF GIPSY SMITH.

From a gypsy wagon to a preacher's pulpit is a long cry. Few realize the expense, measured physically or psychologically. To those who have heard Gipsy Smith, the soul-grasping evangelist, the transition seems a natural one. For those few who know his true story there are written between the words of his appeals for light a history, a romance, a tragedy of life.

A STRONG, well-developed man, with black, wavy hair, black mustache, large, dark eyes that flash with defiance or melt with tenderness; clearly defined, clean-cut, bold features; a face now gentle, now yielding; a face filled with that indescribable dash of the Orient; a voice now soft and mellow, now strident, almost fierce; a quick, warm grasp of the hand; an unspoken token of brotherhood; a mutual surrender—that is the sum total of a meeting with Gipsy Smith.

In his room in the hotel the other day he came forward to his visitor with his arms extended. He had hastily arisen from a low chair by a table on which a Bible was spread wide open. His greeting was easy

and natural. It was full of welcome and cordiality. It was filled with a pointed personality that one seemed to feel was directed exclusively to him. Barely was the greeting over, when there was a sharp ring on the telephone. In an instant the receiver was at the evangelist's ear.

"Yes, yes, beloved," said he.

And then in a moment again:

"Very well, beloved. Good-by, beloved."

There was a softness in the voice that seemed like the gentleness of a woman. And yet that night, when he almost leaped before the silent audience that crowded Plymouth Church to its capacity, with his right hand thrust into his waistcoat, tugging, pulling, struggling with an imaginary foe at his heart, crying, "Drag out the sin, drag it out, drag it out by the hair of the head!" the glowing enthusiasm in full control of him, the religious ecstasy in full possession of his soul made manifest the zeal within the man's breast that needed but a breath to blow it into a living flame.

"You have had wide experience in the evangelical line," began his visitor, "tell me if the emotional convert is a lasting convert—does the conversion sink deep into his heart?"

He moved forward on the edge of his chair. He spread out his hands, palm downward, before him.

"If you take bricks and sand," said he, with his eyes half closed, "and leave out the mortar you cannot build a wall that will stand. Now, in this work of conversion you have to deal with a man's intelligence, his conscience and his emotions. His intelligence and his conscience are the bricks and sand. The mortar is his emotions—his heart. Without the mortar you cannot build your wall; without the emotion, without touching and reaching into the heart of your man, you cannot build your Christian."

He leaned back in his chair with his hands upon his knees.

"Since I have been in Brooklyn this time," he continued, "men and women have come to me and told me that I converted them eighteen years ago, and that during all these years they have been steadfast in the faith. All through my trip in the West I met many such men and women. They came to me eighteen years ago and professed Christ. Some of the men have become preachers. And so it is all over England—wherever I go I find these men and women, whom I converted, earnest, devoted, lasting Christians. They have builded with bricks and sand and mortar."

He bent forward, with his arms upon the table, his hands on the open pages of the Bible.

"When the Spirit of the Lord takes possession of one," he said, "it fills him—it fills his heart to overflowing. His love comes out. It comes out for you and for me. It is a lasting love. It is an emotional love—an emotional love that endures——"

He straightened up. He closed his fist tightly and brought it down upon the Bible.

"Endures for evermore!"

Quickly he lowered his voice. Quickly he smiled.

"That, beloved," said he, "is emotional religion."

Here in this brief interval was outlined the entire method of the man's work.

"In your meetings," asked the visitor, "do you yourself give away to your emotions?"

"Yes," was the answer. "I become a part of the meeting; I become a part of the audience; I am merged into it; we are one."

"And in the beginning——!"

"Ah, beloved—in the beginning? In the beginning of the meeting I look over my audience. I watch all the people. I get in touch with them. I study them. And then, in a general way, I block out what I am going to say to them. Now, it is not so much what you say as how you say it. I have known other speakers to express the same thoughts that I express, but in different language, and their remarks have made the people angry, while mine have not. But in the beginning of the meeting I form a plan of campaign as I sit there on the platform and watch the people. I can generally tell after the first song or two just what temper the audience is in. And then I regulate myself accordingly. Sometimes I make my hearers angry—I know I am going to make them angry, and ofttimes I tell them so, but I go right ahead, nevertheless. I tell them the plain truth, and then I try to touch their hearts—I try to reach their emotions. I get their sympathies; there is a bond between us. Their hearts soften, and my heart, too, softens. I, too, am affected. I give out my whole soul to them. My energies, my life, my being, seem to ooze out at my very finger tips. I give the best that is in me. I feel the response from the people. Our hearts are talking. I reach the height of my discourse. Our hearts are close together—they are one. And then I am exhausted. Strong man that I am, I have become weak. I go to my room, I lie on the bed, I sleep.

"Sometimes," he continued, and his voice was lowered, "sometimes I am so tired that I drop on the bed without first kneeling down and praying. And then my daughter comes to me—my daughter, Zillah, the

gypsy girl—and she puts her arms around my neck and says:

"'Why, Daddy, Daddy, you haven't said your prayers.'

"And I say:

"'Daughter, I have been praying all day to the Lord.'

"But there are times," resumed Gipsy Smith, "when I must rest. And when that season for rest comes I go into the forest and into the fields—I get close to nature—and the old spirit of the gypsy comes back to me."

He closed his eyes. Perhaps the vision of the gypsy wagon, the gypsy tent, the campfire, was before him. Perhaps he walked again under the arches of green leaves. Perhaps he plucked again the wild flowers. In those few seconds, perhaps, the romance of the centuries of gypsy life came before him. Perhaps he heard the love song of the gypsies, as his ancestors heard it these hundreds of years ago:

Av' kushto parl o pani,
Av' kushto mir' akai,
Mi kameli chovihani,
Avel ke tiro rye.

Oh, love come o'er the water,
Oh, love, where'er you be,
My own sweetheart, my darling,
Come over the river to me.

In a moment the vision had passed.

"My first sermon?"

Gipsy Smith repeated the query.

"Ah, my first sermon," said he, with a smile, "was delivered to the turnips in the field. I talked to the trees. I talked to the stones. I talked to the birds. I was between 16 and 17 years old when the desire came upon me to be a preacher. My father had become a Christian. The light came to him at my mother's death. He was left alone with five small children, and the parting words of my mother were: "Take care of the little ones. Beloved, take care of our children." And there was my father—a big, strong man—who, without a Bible, without a teacher, without a guiding hand, without knowing how to read or write, came to God."

This story of his father's conversion leads him back to England. There in Epping Forest Gipsy Smith, called by his parents Rodney Smith, was born in 1860, in a gypsy tent. The place is fifteen miles east of London. He was the fourth child. Two were born afterward, one of whom died soon after the death of the mother.

"It was the death of our mother that changed the whole course of our lives," said Gipsy Smith. "My father was a tinker. He mended tinware, recaned chairs, made willow baskets and clothes-pegs, and my mother, and afterward we children, sold his wares. This occupation of my father had been handed down to him through many generations. He also, like all gypsies, was a horse trader, and a gypsy horse trader, as you perhaps know, is thoroughly expert in that business. The women told fortunes. There are probably between 20,000 and 25,000 gypsies in the British Isles. About 80 per cent. of the gypsies have biblical names.

My father's name was Cornelius and my brother's Ezekiel. The twelve children of my Uncle Bartholomew all had scriptural names, like Naomi, Samson, Deliah, Elijah, etc. Yet there were no Bibles among the gypsies. How did we get these names? Did they come to us from tradition? Are we one of the lost tribes? I believe we are akin to the Hebrew race, but no one knows our origin. Our tribes have been traced back to India, but it is believed we went to India from somewhere else, and were simply nomads there, as we have been nomads in all parts of the world. The gypsy language? Little of the ancient gypsy language is spoken to-day. Now and then a word prevails, but for the most part a corrupt English is spoken by the gypsies, in England, at least."

Here it may be said that the dialects of the ancient gypsies were as varied as the jargon of the African natives, but the roots of each family branch, whether of American or European stock, show a common origin. While it is not indisputable, the best authorities point to the Aryan as the earliest races, whence sprang this most remarkable language, but the origin of the Romany tongue is so old that it is lost in the Aryan record, and doubtless belongs to a prehistoric caste. All we know about the gypsy and his ancestry is that in the tenth to the twelfth centuries India threw out a vast multitude of troublesome indwellers, and among them were the Jats, whom, many maintain, constitute the main stock of the gypsies. The very name—Romany—doubtless came from one of the lowest castes that still exist in India, and is known as Dom, the word probably having been corrupted into Rom.

"We lived as other gypsies lived," continued Gipsy Smith. "We roamed from place to place. My father loved my mother. She loved him. They both loved their children. The ties of love bound us all closely together. You must know the gypsy character is one of love and tenderness. The gypsies marry young. Their sweethearts are among their own people. There is a high regard for virtue among the gypsies. The courtship of a young gypsy couple is always conducted in the presence of the maiden's mother or an older person. Their walks are taken with this older person. Their romance grows in the strictest propriety. Thus the wife and the husband continue to be lovers. Thus it was with my father and mother. There was my father—a gypsy without education or religion; no better, no worse than other gypsies. For his recreation he played the fiddle and sometimes he turned this pastime to profit—a profit that worked to his detriment, for in the public houses where he played—ofttimes taking me with him to collect the coins—he drank more beer than was good for him. But the climax came to our lives—the climax that changed us all.

"We were traveling in our wagon through Hertfordshire, England, when my sister—the eldest of the family—was taken ill. We drove up to a doctor's house. He said, 'It is smallpox; you must go away from here.' We went to a by-place called Norton Lane. There my father pitched our tent, where he left my mother and the four other children. The wagon he placed two hundred yards or more away, and there he went with the sick child, whom he nursed and cared for. In a few days my brother, Ezekiel, was taken down with the smallpox and he, too, was sent to the wagon. My mother carried the food she prepared for

the invalids half way between the wagon and the tent, when she would call for my father. Sometimes he was busily engaged with his little charges and the snow would get on the food, and my mother, in her anxiety for her children, would get nearer and nearer to the wagon, and one day she, too had the smallpox."

There in the forest was Gipsy Smith's father with his dying wife and little children. With no knowledge of the Bible, with little knowledge of God, he reached out to the dying woman.

"Do you believe in God?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the woman.

"Do you try to pray, beloved?" he asked.

"I try to," answered the woman, "and sometimes there is a voice that says to me that there is no mercy for me."

The woman put her arms around his neck and kissed him. He went outside and wept, and he heard her singing:

> I have a father in the promised land.
> My God calls me, I must go
> To meet him in the promised land.

It was a song she had heard twenty years before. It was a song she heard sung by school children. It came to her as her life ebbed out.

"I shall never forget," said Gipsy Smith, with his face in his hands, "that day my father came to me and said, 'Rodney, you have no mother.'"

That is the first chapter in Gipsy Smith's life story. Let us not dwell on the conversion of his father and

two uncles and the life they led traveling through the country and holding gospel meetings in tents and wagons. Let us not dwell upon the struggles of Cornelius Smith; how he sold his fiddle that led him into temptation in the public houses, and the fight he had to remain in the narrow path. Let us not dwell on the conversion of Gipsy Smith in that little Methodist church in Cambridge, England, and of his entrance into the Christian Mission of which the Rev. William Booth, now the head of the Salvation Army, was superintendent, and let us not dwell on the work of Gipsy Smith in the Salvation Army. That first chapter in his life that records the death of his mother, was the proem and the climax.

For thirty years Gipsy Smith has been an evangelist. This is his sixth visit to America. In 1889 he spoke in the Nostrand Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church in Brooklyn for the first time in this country. Since then he has preached in many towns and many churches in America.

GIPSY SMITH AND HIS MISSION.

The Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, on the Sunday morning of the day of the beginning of the Gipsy Smith mission, preached on the meaning of the visit of the evangelist to Brooklyn. His text was from Luke iv, the story of the multitude who heard John.

He said:

When any group of men enter upon a large enterprise, it is important that their plan be spread out like a map, before the mind, that they may fully understand its scope. For the first time in many years, all

of the churches through sympathy, and most of them through their representatives, are now entering upon a mission, whose theme is the love of God, the sin and need of man. For those who believe in a reasonable religion, the old evangelism is dead. Gone the crude and drastic appeals to fear! Gone the former emotionalism! Gone the emphasis of mediæval doctrines! The new appeal is to conscience, to reason, to fidelity to the great convictions. The atmosphere is truth and justice, sweetness and light, the motive is the sense of responsibility to God, and His dear Son. Not less significant is the man who is to lead us in this movement. Because the common people hear him gladly he is known in four continents not as Rodney but as Gipsy Smith. He comes to us as the accredited representative of the great Free Church Council in England. For the time has come when there are two unified religious forces in England. The Church of England is an established church, with bishops, appointed by whatsoever political party is in power. This state Church now includes some sixteen millions of Englishmen. But in the interest of unity and effectiveness, all the free churches have now come together in the Free Church Council. That includes some twenty millions more.

Their scholars, like George Adam Smith and Professor Caird, are restating our philosophy. Their schools of learning include theologians like Fairbairn. Their writers include editors, like Robertson Nicoll; their preachers, named Alexander Maclaren, Jowett, Dawson and Sylvester Horne, and the grand old man, John Clifford, with Watkinson, Parker and Spurgeon, have a fame that has filled all the world. But this Free Church Council also desired to have an accredited

evangelist, who should be their representative, and the man they have sent out into the world, wearing the mantle of their sanction and authority, is the man who will lead us in this mission. God hath called and equipped him. Wherever he goes in Scotland or England, the multitudes throng and press to hear his message. From South Africa there comes a message telling us that for years the Dutchmen and the Englishmen stood over against each other like castles and cannon shotted to the mouth and the correspondent adds that when the two enemies came together in Gipsy Smith's mission, they put up their hands of prayer toward God, and for the first time touched hands in human brotherhood. And what shall I say of the great mission in Boston and in Chicago, where more thousands stood in the streets before Tremont Temple and the Auditorium than succeeded in crossing the threshold? The thought that God hath lent power to one man, makes one tremble. It is for this man to dwell apart from his fellows, to pass by the non-essentials, the trifling episodes in church history, that have divided us, the symbols upon which we do not agree, and to exalt the great simplicities of Christianity, the permanent and universal note, and to lift us all into the higher realm, where unity and love have their dwelling place. This is the work of our leader, a man who doth not stand among mean men, but to whom God hath given a place among the kings.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF A MISSION MOVEMENT.

All men who have traveled through this land and met large audiences in great cities realize that there is a great moral, ethical and religious movement sweeping over the land. Hitherto it has been largely confined to the college and university students and the educated classes. Lord Bacon once said that if any one would tell him what the young men in Oxford and Cambridge were thinking about, he would tell them how events would go during the coming century. To-day, no matter what the people in the remote sections may think, one thing is certain—the college men are thinking in straight lines about Christianity, and their first enthusiasm is their enthusiasm for Jesus Christ, as the leader and teacher who hath the secret of peace, growth, manhood and influence. Last Sunday afternoon, in one of the largest universities of this land, I am told that three hundred students stood up to make a profession of their new allegiance to Christ. And this movement is becoming a contagion.

Now, what is the philosophy of the movement? We have long studied the psychology of the individual. What does "the psychology of the crowd" tell us about the universal religious awakening? Well, we know that men can always do together what one man cannot do alone. The bees build their mathematical cells by working in swarms. The birds go in flocks toward the warm southern tropic land. The cattle move in herds. When man wants to work out a great thing, unconsciously a movement is developed. He unites his books and makes a library. Bringing many singers together, he has a chorus. Assembling many pictures he has a gallery. Uniting hundreds of wills, he has a constitution and a government. Coming together in a multitude, men pray, sing, worship, and in the genial atmosphere the latent faculties unfold, like roots and flowers, in the warm conservatory. Light a match, and alone, it goes out. Light a match, and put it beside a

hundred other matches—it does not go out, but spreads its flame to all the rest. Musing alone, the youth forms a high resolve, but remaining alone, the sacred flame burns low, and still lower, and is in danger of dying out. Let the youth carry the story of his resolve to his fellow student, to the multitude in the church, and lo! the noble purpose waxes stronger and yet stronger. For the necessity of the movement is a universal necessity. Mention any faculty of man, or any form of social progress, and you have the story of the movement.

PLACE OF THE MISSION.

Here is the educational realm. Pestalozzi is the prophet who discerns the laws of mental growth. Thomas Arnold is the teacher who puts the way in form. Horace Mann is the evangelist who spreads the movement and makes it a contagion. Here is the temperance reform. Lyman Beecher was the philosopher, who in his six sermons on the "Economic Disadvantages of Intemperance," stated the truth. President Nott was the scholar who published the truth; but John B. Gough was the evangelist who trumpeted the story. Here is the movement against slavery. In 1825 Channing and Parker saw the essential iniquity of slavery, as prophets. Emerson was the philosopher who put the facts in credal form and Wendell Phillips was the evangelist for the abolitionist. Here is the literary movement. In the fifteenth century, within a month after Constantinople was burned, a Greek scholar wearing an old brown cloak, stained with voyage, landed in Florence, on the Arno. Being hungry the stranger offered to read a story to a baker in return for a loaf. The Greek wore sandals, beneath

his robe he concealed a few precious rolls, he had no silver or copper, but he began to read the story of the fidelity of Penelope and the wanderings of Ulysses. As he read the fire burned, the very boys dropped on their hands, and became all eyes and ears. Every bystander turned toward the approaching stranger to lay fingers upon the lips, while every minute the audience grew. Before noon the handful came to fill the street. Then came the prince out of the palace to listen to this wondrous tale. When the shadows fell the excited people lifted the stranger to their shoulders, and with shouts bore him home.

Next morning they rose with the sun to finish the tale. In their eagerness, the merchants formed an association and hired scribes to make copies of this wonderful story. Then the stranger read to them the story of Helen's beauty, of King Edipus' sin, of Antigone's undying pity and love for her blind father. The merchant forgot his shop, the carpenter dropped his saw and plane, the woodsman left his axe in the forest, the farmer forsook his plow. Florence had but one heart and mind—the love of the newly discovered Greek learning. Florence had but one teacher—this evangelist of literature, who was a voice for Homer and Socrates. Scholars call this movement "the literary revival." Certainly, the renaissance was "a revival" of the intellect! But this religious movement of Gipsy Smith is a renaissance of the conscience. The renaissance was the reformation of the reason and the reformation was the renaissance of the moral sentiment. Even in politics no gain is made without a similar movement. The men who know best how to conduct a religious movement, to attract the multitudes are the men at the head of the Republican and Demo-

eratic central committees. Once in four years they hold a political revival meeting. They throw dignity to the winds. Judges and editors, and bankers, and merchants, all join in the revival movement. They carry torch lights, hire bands, and the Republican National Committee and the Democratic National Committee go through the streets at night like a Salvation Army band. The theologians are the senators and leaders who make up the political platform—that is their creed. The evangelist is Mr. Bryan for the Democrats, and Mr. Roosevelt for the Republicans. Lifting up his voice, the political evangelist publishes the story. The political revival lasts from four to six weeks. In the warm atmosphere a million young men, native born, and a million foreigners who have never voted, begin to ask, What is social truth, what is economic truth, what is civic truth? In that heated hour their thoughts and convictions crystalize, and they form a political allegiance for life. The revival ends when the president is elected? No. The outer signs end, but all the rest of their lives long two million men are different because of the four weeks' series of meetings. And when a month has passed by, this mission will end? No. The regularity of the meetings will cease, but in some quiet, subtle, secret way, men will be different. Homes will be happier, business will be a little better and higher in its plane, the country will be a little safer, for this is a patriotic movement, a social movement, an educational movement, a literary movement, a political movement, because it is a religious movement, lifting men toward God.

In the religious world, therefore, this psychology of the movement is manifest. The Episcopalians are the only people who have organized an evangelistic

movement and made it permanent. They not only hold missions like the Gipsy Smith mission, but they hold one every year, without knowing it. Its name is Lent. And each preacher is his own Gipsy Smith. A generation ago there was a great movement on in the world. The prophet was Mr. Beecher, discovering the love of God; the theologian who put it in perfect form was Horace Bushnell; the evangelist who published it was Moody. Now the newer religious thinking is here. God, the All-Father, and His dear Son, are abroad upon their mission of recovery. And the voice, the evangelist, that publishes the evangel of love and pity, is our leader, bringing his overture to boys who have played the part of gay and foolish prodigals, to men who have made shipwreck of their career, to the anxious, the burdened, the heartsick, the sin-wounded everywhere.

THE SOCIAL AND ETHICAL RESULTS.

The results of the new evangelism are perhaps almost entirely what they should be, ethical and personal. Gipsy Smith is not here to count numbers, not here to exalt the externals, forms and ceremonies, or professionalism. These churches and ministers are united in this movement as Presbyterians and Methodists and Baptists and Episcopalians, and Quakers and Congregationalists and many other forms of worship and faith, to bring men nearer to God. We are here to forget for a little time the fret and the fury and fever of the street. During these few days we will turn from the din and thunder of mammon and listen only to the still small voice of God. We seek to cleanse the grime from our garments and to sharpen our dull faculties. When the mission closes, we do not propose

to ask or even think how many people join a church. We only hope that quietly and secretly men's and women's lives will be different and that the current of character will flow sweeter and deeper toward the sea of God's love. We trust that the voice of conscience will speak more clearly. We hope that the note of duty will be a stronger note. We wish homes to be happier and we seek a higher standard for the market-place and the street. We hope that men as patriots will vote for God and country, rather than for their selfish interests. Incidentally the new faith, the new happiness and conviction, will, without doubt, be manifest without any public profession of the faith within, but what we earnestly and sincerely seek is the life of God in the soul of man. This new religious feeling and conviction is the great achievement we all aim at. And therefore the ethical results of this order of evangelism is the striking fact.

PROOFS OF HIS WORK.

For months I have been in the closest touch, by visits and addresses and personal correspondence with Gipsy Smith's missions in the great cities of this country. The days and the nights would not avail for telling you the incidents that would unfold into, oh, what dramas and tragedies and romances under the stroke of a master hand. Witness that employer who after hearing Gipsy Smith went to the court house to withdraw his defense of a suit as head of a corporation, of an employe injured, and suing the company for its carelessness. As president of an iron corporation he told his company that from that hour his business and his religion should march hand in hand. That there

would be no defense, and that the company must pay the employe for the injury to life and health, for you see economic standards have changed. Witness that strange event in the Children's Aid Society, with the man coming to say that there was a child sent there, because a girl had died, and its father would not own it. Then came a journey to a farm, the finding of a boy, adopted by an old couple, a boy with a big broad forehead, and wide wondering eyes, a boy who was taken the next day to rich bachelor apartments, who was lifted to a man's knees and told, "These rooms are for your home, and my name is your name." The poor girl's grave is still unmarked and perhaps it is better so. But the boy has found a father and a home—you see things are different after a religious movement that brings God into the soul of man. Witness that youth in yonder city who entered one of these noon meetings, but who went back to his office to brood. Who returned to the night meeting, and went back to his store to weep. Who went at daybreak to a minister, my friend, and told a story of a father, whose business once was successful, whose income had dropped and dropped, and still fallen; whose father had grown strangely economical, brushing a shining coat, and turning frail cuffs, and opening forgotten drawers, to bring forth old style collars, life's pathetic revelation of a failure. It was a brief tale of a son who was a junior partner, a son who had betrayed confidence and robbed his father. Together the two men worked the problem through. When he arose the young man said, "My confession will kill my mother and break my father's heart. Hours afterward, the long, shameful, humiliating tale was disclosed. Did the story slay the mother in the presence of her son's

pastor and friend? No, she put her arms around the boy's neck, and said, "It is the happiest hour I have known since these troubles began." Did the humiliating story break the father's heart? No, the father said to his pastor, turning to go, "This, my son, was dead, and is alive again; was lost and is found. Stay. Let us eat and drink." And so they made merry together. You see things are different, after a mission, that deals with the great simplicities of man's sin and God's love.

AN APPEAL TO FATHERS.

At the Majestic Theatre and at Plymouth Church Gipsy Smith opened his two weeks of revival campaign in Brooklyn. In the afternoon he addressed an audience of between 2,000 and 3,000 men, and more than 2,000 more were unable to crowd into the theatre. In the evening he addressed fully 3,000 people, and every one of them was in the church full twenty minutes before the hour set for the service, and between 2,000 and 3,000 more were unable to get inside the doors.

To the men in the afternoon he made an appeal that was startling in its directness and in its strength, and he moved his immense audience as it has been the lot of few men in Brooklyn or elsewhere to move audiences. To his evening audience, which consisted to a considerable extent of women and to a very large extent of church-goers and professed Christians, he gave a talk that came straight from the shoulder as well as straight from the heart. He told them that many of them had lost Christ, and nearer one hundred than fifty of those present admitted they had and waited until the after-meeting to try and set themselves right with their Saviour.

That is the spirit. More than one hundred of Brooklyn's churches are back of this movement, and all of them have been impressed with the fact that those

whom Gipsy Smith is after are the unsaved—those who need Christ and who haven't found Him.

THE AFTERNOON MEETING.

If the meeting held at the Majestic Theater is a fair criterion, Gipsy Smith will sweep Brooklyn with a revival of such power and of such depth as the borough has never known before.

For forty minutes the two thousand-odd men who had crowded themselves into the theater were as any other audience. They were attentive interested, eager—and nothing more. Then Gipsy Smith began speak, and within ten minutes more men were surreptitiously clearing their throats, tears glistened on scores, even hundreds, of eye-lids, and there could hardly have been a heart in all of that great audience that was not thrilled.

"Listen!" cried the speaker. "Months ago I was conducting a great mission in Aberdeen, in the north of Scotland. Within the largest building in the city three thousand were gathered, while without were twice as many more. To get into the hall I had to ask the assistance of the police. One night as I worked my way through the crowd I felt a hand tugging at my coat. I thought it the plea of one who wanted to get in with me, and for a few seconds I paid no heed. But the tug became insistent. I stopped, and there beside me stood a little Scotch lassie, clad in rags, and in her uplifted hands was something wrapped in tissue paper, moist and grimy from the clutch of her hand.

"'What is it, my dear?' I asked. And she said, 'I want you to have my candy.'

"'Why?' I asked.

"'Oh, sir,' she cried, 'we've got a new daddy! He's never been sober 'till Saturday. We've never known him to be sober. He was in your meeting on Saturday and it's so wonderful now.'

"And didn't I take her candy, and didn't I take her in my arms? Men, it was worth living a lifetime for that minute!"

MANY MEN MOVED BY THE EVANGELIST'S WORDS.

Coming as this did quick upon the heels of an appeal to his great audience of men to be "Christ's men," to be true to their better selves, to be true to themselves as husbands and as fathers, or as sons, and coming as it did in the thrilling, insistent, dynamic tones of a man who has drunk deep from the wells of spiritual inspiration, there was no resisting the plea, and when he followed it with a call for those who wished in that hour and in that house to place their lives in God's hands for His ordering, man after man rose to his feet, from orchestra, from balcony and from gallery chairs alike.

And as they rose every head was directed bowed in silent prayer and every eye was directed closed, and then, when fully two score had risen, they were asked to come from their seats in all parts of the great building to the front two rows of orchestra chairs that had been ordered left unoccupied during the earlier meeting.

And they came. Not slowly, not sheepishly, but proudly, with heads held high and eyes bright and jaws stern-set, yet penitently and humbly, awaiting and inviting the further words of God that the evangelist had for them.

In two minutes the vacant seats were filled, and two more rows were requested vacated, and a minute later still two more, for men who had been uplifted above their old selves by the appeal that came from the Gipsy's heart continued to come down the aisles, and their number exceeded three score.

"Though you are eaten up by disease," the speaker said earlier in his plea, "and there is not an inch of soundness in you; and though from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet you are filled with filth and sin, still you are Christ's men and still there is hope for you. You are Christ's man, whether you have the manhood or not to admit it, because He has redeemed you.

"Think of this because of those about you. Your home has a claim on you—your wife and your children. Some of your children may have heard you swear and may have seen you drunk, and your children may be able to say, 'I've seen my father drunk and I've heard my father swear,' but they can't say they ever heard you pray. That's a fearful thing.

AN APPEAL TO FATHERS.

"I said that a few weeks ago in Clinton, Iowa, and a man who sat close to the front said I looked directly in his eyes when I said it. I did not do it consciously —I had no thought of it. That man came to me a few days later and said to me:

"'In your talk a few nights ago you said there was a man sitting near you whose children had heard him swear and had seen him drunk, but had never heard him pray.'

"'I did,' I answered.

"'I'm that man, but God helping me, my little boy will never see me drunk again and will never hear me swear again, and he has heard me pray since that night.'

"That man had thought I meant him. The shoe fitted him. He went to his home that night pondering those things and when he got there he told his wife he was going to be Christ's man. He took down the old Bible which he had not seen for so long and he managed to read some verses from it. Then he got down on his knees to pray. For a minute he could utter no word—his throat was choked with emotion. Then he blurted out the words of the Lord's Prayer, and there was joy in Heaven over one sinner which repented.

"I say to you men, you fathers, that you ought to be right with God for the sake of your children. Go home and stay there this evening and call them around you. It will be better than going to church—to stay home and learn to pray.

"And for the sake of your wife. You married a girl who was a Christian when you married her. Where is her religion to-day? She was pure and beautiful when you led her to the altar and promised, in that love, which, next to the love of Jesus Christ—that divine love for a pure woman, is the best thing God has given man, to protect and guard and love her. Have you kept that vow? Does she hold you as she did? Is she as attractive to you as on that day, or have you forgotten your love—have you forgotten your vow? God is on His throne, and if you have forgotten He'll make you remember some day!

"Get right with God, my brother, for the sake of that woman in your home! Wouldn't it bring happi-

ness to her if you should go home to-day, and, taking her in your arms, tell her that you have given your heart to Christ? And that thing will happen if you are a man!"

Then the Gipsy told the story of that little Scotch lassie, ragged and chilled with cold, yet with her heart warmed and her face illumined by the wonderful joy that had come into her home, and Gypsy Smith gripped close to his the hearts of his hearers and made of his first big meeting in Brooklyn one that will be remembered while those who were in that theater live, and an influence that will go out for all time.

THE SERMON AT THE MAJESTIC THEATER.

Gipsy Smith said:

It seems to me that in the lesson which was read to us just now you have what will be, I trust, the keynote of every service, and just as a starting point—not that I am going to preach a sermon—I am not, I do not think I shall ever be a preacher. An old man, a long time ago, told me I never should be a preacher, and I asked him why (and he knew something about preaching, or thought he did). I said, "Tell me why I shall never be a preacher?" He scratched his head and said, "You are too quick at the application." (Laughter.) That is what I said to the ministers who were around me last night, and what I would like to say to you, and what I would like to be to you, and that I hope to be, during the next three weeks—I want to be the application to every sermon that has been preached in Brooklyn in the last fifty years in which Christ has been exalted as the Saviour of men. And if I can be the application I shall be something; if I

can get you to be what this keynote longs you should be: reconciled to God. That is the keynote of my ministry. I am, just as Dr. Hillis said, the voice—the voice of one crying and beseeching, wooing, coaxing, enticing all men with whom it is my privilege to come in contact, to be reconciled to God. That is to be the keynote of these services; the keynote of these days; and I trust nothing that will be said and nothing done that will break in upon the harmony of that keynote from the first syllable to this service to the great "Amen" of the benediction of the last of our services, wherever held and under whatever leadership, and that the dominating, overwhelming, prophetic influence—in the very air, the atmosphere, in the prayers offered, in the songs sung, in the words read and in the words spoken there will be running into it all, vibrating into it all, these words: "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Or, in other words, it means: think God's thoughts and walk in God's ways. Or, in other words: dethrone sin in your life and enthrone Christ. Or, in other words: give up your way and take His way. Or, in other words: Old things must pass away—old things must pass away, and there must be a new creation. And men, would it not be a wonderful thing for this city and for this State and for America if it could go out within an hour and a half from this service to the length and breadth of the land that every man in this audience had stood up and said, "Christ for me?" Would it not be a wonderful thing if every man, old and young, in this house were to say before he left the building, "From this day, O Christ, I will take Thee as my Lord, my life, my lover, my master, my

king. From this day Thou shalt come into my heart and make Thy home. From this day Thou shalt be the guide of my life. From this day I will think Thy thoughts and I will walk in Thy ways. From this day I will renounce wrong. I will put my foot upon it now and forever, secret and public wrong, and from this day I will stand for Christ and for righteousness? Would it not be a wonderful thing for your city?

HOW TO UNDERSTAND THE THINGS OF GOD.

And you know, men, you are not at your best until you come to that decision. You cannot be your best until you come to that decision. I don't care how successful you have been as a business man; how clever you may be; how brilliant in mind. I do not care how men may look at you, though they think your life has been a triumphant march, you have not reached the place where God and the angels expected you to reach, and you will never reach it until Jesus Christ has become the Lord and Master of your life. You never can get there until then. You do not begin to measure up your possibilities until Jesus has become enthroned in your life. You cannot see or feel or understand or comprehend, and you never will until Jesus has become enthroned in your life. You cannot, you cannot. The natural cannot understand the things of God; they are foolishness to him. It is only when you stand beneath the cross; it is only when you look through the microscope of Calvary; only when your heart is fired by the flame of Pentecost, only when He has come into your soul and made you clean that you begin to measure up to your opportunities and possibilities, with all your success. Listen! With all your

success you are not yet the man you might have been, and you never will be, till, till, till you are right with God. You, yourself, yourself; your character; your mental outlook; the whole man of you, in and out, up and down, all around, past and present and future; all there is within you is handicapped, dwarfed, cribbed, cabined and hunted until Jesus Christ has made you free and then you will be "free indeed."

And what we come to plead is that you shall be Christ's men. Christ's men. And whether you are prepared to be like that or not, I am prepared to make another statement because I believe it. You are Christ's men already. If you don't admit it, you are. He has redeemed you. You belong to God, and if you have not recognized that fact that is the cause of the mischief, of all the blundering; the secret of all the sorrow; at the bottom of all the tragedy; that is the forging in every link in every chain that has bound you head and foot; that is the poison that is eating the life and soul out of you because you have not recognized the crown rights of Jesus Christ.

REAL PURPOSE OF THE REVIVAL.

Now what we want you to do is to recognize that fact to-day—God help you!—that you are Christ's man, and then, with your intelligence and with your sense of right, if you will only recognize that glorious fact and write it in golden letters on the tables of your soul I think you will live with it ever before you. "I am Christ's man" and that will help to make lovely everything and everybody you touch. That is what we want you to believe; that you are Christ's man; that He loves you; that He claims you; that He longs

for you; that He wants you to be at your best; that He wants to give you a chance, though you have blundered and wandered and have muddled up and tangled things; that you have twisted and that you have made such a hash of the part and though looking at it from every standpoint it looks almost impossible for it ever to be straightened out; and though you are ashamed of yourself as you sit there and are glad within that the man next you does not know that you are as bad as you are, for if he did know you are as bad as you are he might get up and walk over to the other side of the building and refuse to sit beside you because you have got so low, and though you are done up with disease and though there be not an inch of soundness in you and though from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot you are done up with uncleanness and filth, you are still God's man; and love waits to forgive and forget and if you were the worst—the worst kind of a man in this city, the Christ I am preaching can make you a new creature before you go out. That is the Gospel. That is our message. That is our hope for you, my brothers—for you.

"And I think you should think of this, too, because of those about you. Your home has some claim on you; your wife and your children. Some of you are fathers and you have boys and girls growing up round you. Some of your children may have heard you swear, and they may have seen you drunk and your children may be able to say: 'I have seen my father drunk and I have heard my father swear,' but they cannot say, 'I have heard my father pray.' And that is a terrible thing for a child to experience. I made that statement, or something like it, a fortnight ago in Clinton, Iowa. There was a man in the front

seat and he said, when I uttered it that I looked straight at him. I was not conscious of it, but in one or two days he came to me and said: 'You said last Sunday evening that there was a man somewhere close to you whose boy may have heard him swear and seen him drunk, but never heard him pray.' I said 'Yes, I said that.' He went on: 'I am that man, but, God helping me, my little boy shall never see me drunk again and he has heard me pray since last Sunday, for I went home and got down the old Bible that I have not looked at for a long while, and I said to the wife, 'I do not know how to do this thing, but that gypsy said I ought to do it, and even if I break down, I am going to try.' He read two or three verses and said: 'I will pray.' But when he got on his knees he could not utter a word and finally faltered 'Our Father which art in Heaven,' and it was all over, and the angels rejoiced over one sinner that repented. Yes, your children may have seen you drunk, but have they never heard you pray? Man, but it is a terrible thing for a boy to have a father who drinks and swears. A boy never gets over that disaster.

A PRAYING FATHER IS THE BEST.

On four English-speaking continents I have been for a quarter of a century trying to deal with men and women and children—struggling blunderingly, I know, but God knows I have done my best—and, oh, how many boys and girls have come to me and said, when life had become ruined for them, "Ah, Mr. Smith! my life would have been different if my father had prayed, but I have not a praying father and that makes a difference. My father didn't pray. He drank

and swore and took me into the world, and I was taught to do things. Oh, I was taught to do things just to see how a child looked when it did them!" And I have heard boys say they were made drunk before they could walk, and your doctors will tell you some children are drunk before they are born. (Some of the audience began to laugh, and Gipsy Smith continued): Can you laugh at it? I cannot. It is enough to make angels shudder to the tip of their wings. Children drunk before they can walk, and drunk before they are born! God Almighty, have mercy on such parents! What hope is there for such boys and girls—what hope? And I say to you men, you fathers, you ought to be right with God for the sake of your children. Go home to-night and gather them around you and begin to pray. Spend the evening with them. It will be worth spending the evening instead of going to church in learning how to pray with your children. You have never spent an evening so practically in your life. You men ought to get right with God for the sake of your boys and girls. Aye, and for the sake of your wife! Some of you married a girl that was a Christian when you married her. Where is her religion to-day? She belonged to a church when you married her, and you dragged her away from it. She was pure and beautiful when you led her to the altar, and one of the most lovely things that God ever gives to a man in this world, next to the Cross, is the pure love of a pure woman. And some of you men promised to take care of that beautiful gift; that you would be faithful to that gift.

"Have you kept that vow? Is she as beautiful to-day as she was then? Does she hold you as she did? Is she as attractive to-day as that morning when

decked with orange blossoms? Or have you forgotten your vows? Have you broken those pledges? Have you reduced that beautiful thing to a skeleton? Is she pinched and wan and disappointed, and hungry for love that never comes? Is she starving to death amidst splendor? Is there a storm beneath her smiles, enough to wreck a navy? God is on his throne, and if you have forgotten He will make you remember some day. He will make you remember some day. You should be right with God, my brother, for the sake of that woman in your home; she has some claim on you. It would be a beautiful thing if you went home to-day and said: 'Wife, I have given my heart to God.' Would not there be music in the home? Would not there be old memories revived? And would not the things that have been hushed and chilled for so long have a resurrection. And would not spring—aye, summer time from the hills of God break over that dear face again as you put your arms around her neck and told her that you had given your heart to God and meant to live for Christ? And that thing may happen if you are man enough—it may happen. You must get right with God, my brother, for your wife's sake; for your children's sake. You must get right with God for your own sake, and you must get right with God for Christ's sake; you must get right with God for the sake of the good you can do; for the sake of your brother men, and you ought to get right with God for the sake of the good you can do in this mission. I believe God has golden columns in glory where He writes the names of men and women who help to save His world, and I want my name in that column; and you can begin now, if you have never begun, to help Jesus to capture this whole planet for Himself

and have your name written in that column. God help you to begin! O, the joy of leading a soul to Christ! The joy of being a co-worker with Emanuel, and the exquisite joy of entering into the joy of the Lord when a sinner comes home! I have lived in that work so long that I think I should die if I got out of it. Let me give you a little picture:

AN INCIDENT IN SCOTLAND RELATED BY THE EVANGELIST.

A year ago from the beginning of last month I was conducting a great mission in Aberdeen, in Scotland, in the largest building in that city. It was crowded with people every night, and there was a great crowd outside, too. I should not have got in myself but for the police, who helped me through the surging crowds in the street. There were 3,000 inside and just as many outside. It was a cold, snowy night and two policemen in front of me and one at the back were steering me through the gangway, when I felt somebody tugging at my coat. I thought it must be some one trying to get in with me, for it is a good thing to hang on the preacher if you want to get in, and it has often been done with me. I took no notice for a few steps, but it became so emphatic that as we passed beneath a lamp post I looked to see who it was. There stood a little Scotch lassie in rags in the cold, snowy, sleety street, under that lamppost. I stopped and said: 'What do you want, my dear?' She pushed toward me a piece of tissue paper, all damp, where she had had it in her hand and squeezed it a good deal and she said: "Please, sir, I have brought you some candy," and I took my hat off and said: "My darling, why have you brought me some candy?" "Oh," she

said, "we have got a new daddy. He has never been sober till Saturday. I have never seen him sober, but we have got a new daddy. He is a Christian now. He was in your meeting on Saturday. We have a new daddy and I have brought you part of my candy." And didn't I put my arms around that wee little thing in rags, and didn't I thank God as I stood there that I had brought hope and joy into the life of a little child. Men, it was worth living a lifetime for the joy of that one moment. Can you take home a new daddy. Will you take home a new husband? Will you take home a new son? Will you take home a new heart? Blessed be God, this may happen to-day! It may happen to-day, if you will only surrender your heart and life to Jesus Christ, open your heart to Him and say: 'Lord Jesus, make my heart Thine home; take my life, take my bitter past; take my wrong and all I am and straighten things out and forgive and help me to be a new man, and help me to live for Thee." God will hear that prayer and it shall be answered—and it may be answered now. Let us pray.

HAVE YOU LOST CHRIST?

At Plymouth Church in the evening he talked to his hearers, many of whom were members of the church, straight from the shoulder. He took his text from the second chapter of St. Luke, wherein is related the losing of the boy Christ by his father and mother and their finding of Him, after search of three days, in the Temple, arguing with the doctors and the teachers.

"Christ was lost by the one person in all the world most unlikely to lose Him, and He was lost in the one place in the world where it would seem He could least be lost. He was lost by His mother, and in the Temple."

Then, switching quickly to the application, the gypsy cried:

"Have you lost Christ? Is He as real, is He as dear to you to-day as when you first set out for the kingdom? Call a halt! Turn your eyes inwardly for a moment, that you may see the needs, the awful needs of your own soul! Do not be angry; that won't help matters! Don't be annoyed, don't be irritable when God, the Holy Ghost, sends a messenger to make you look at matters as they are, and not as they ought to be!

"Mary lost Christ because she 'supposed He was in the company,' and many of you have been living as Mary was living part of those three days—supposing, supposing, supposing. You have been on the everlasting tramp; you have been afraid to get alone, you haven't been honest enough to face facts, and you have

lost Him and you know what that awful loss is, aye, this minute.

"It will not do to live in this state. There's danger!

"The most unlikely person was the one to lose Him, and she lost Him in the most unlikely place, the Temple. And—Hear it! She found Him where she lost Him. So will you.

"Calvary is very exacting. Listen! Listen! David found His Lord in confessing the sin in which he lost Him. Mary and Joseph had to tramp back to the Temple, where they had lost Him. The prodigal son found his father in the old homestead, and when you seek the Father in His home you will find Him.

"But it is the conspicuous tramp backward that you don't like. Some of you sing:

'Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I met the Lord.'

"Where is it? It is where you left it—where you left it and nowhere else. The thing must be dealt with that came in between you and your God. And if you try to conceal that thing, to avoid it, to shirk it, you'll never succeed in finding Him. You've got to confess it, for that's the thing you've got to talk over with Him. Mary would never have lost Him is she hadn't 'left Him.' It's the first step that causes all the trouble.'

IF JESUS CHRIST CAME TO SOME CHURCHES TO-DAY.

"I wonder," said the evangelist at another point, "if Jesus Christ came to some of our churches to-day if He would be a welcome guest? I wonder if He came if we should recognize Him? I wonder if He

came to some church where there wasn't a pastor and preached, if He would be invited to fill the pulpit? I wonder if we should know Him?

"My brother, where do you stand? Have you been satisfied with the grand procession, the beautiful singing, the magnificent oratory, the social status and the financial success and forgotten Jesus? Your magnificent building isn't much if Jesus be out of it. The temple is poor that Christ be not honored in. St. Paul's is but a pile of masonry if Christ be out of it, and my poor gypsy tent is a cathedral if Christ be in it."

That Gipsy Smith's talk struck home just as straight and just as strong as his more impassioned appeal of the afternoon was attested by the fact that fully as many as arose and asked for prayer in the daylight service stood on their feet that night, and by so doing admitted that they had lost Christ and sought to find Him again. Between three and four score left their seats just before the close of the meeting and made their way to the vestry room, where they were met by Mr. Smith, Dr. Hillis and two or three score of active Christian workers. The evening service was fully as great a success in its way as was that of the afternoon. Mr. Smith spoke to men, to fathers and husbands and sons in the afternoon. At night he spoke principally to professing Christians. For each he had a peculiar message, and to the hearts of each audience he drove that particular message home.

THE EVANGELIST'S SERMON AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

Gipsy Smith said:

You will find the words which I will take as my text

in the Gospel by St. Luke, chapter 2, reading from the forty-third verse. "And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it. But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him amongst their kinsfolk and acquaintance. And when they found him not they turned back again to Jerusalem seeking him. And it came to pass that after three days they found him in the temple sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. And when they saw him they were amazed; and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And he said unto them. How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's house and about my Father's business?"

I want to speak to you about a subject which may alarm you when I anounce it. It may sound a little alarming. It is the subject of "A Lost Christ." We read of the Saviour of lost things, but here you read of a lost Christ. Is that possible? "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." The most unlikely person in the world is the first to lose Him. The person whom you would never dream of losing Jesus was the first to do it. The person that you would be surprised to hear of thinking of such a thing, of coming within one hundred miles of such a possibility, was the first to lose Him. The person that stood in the most sacred relationship with Him, who lived under the closest relationship, and in the closest ties—within the circle that is the most sac-

red and tender, was the first to lose Him—His mother. You may get very close to Jesus and you may lose Him; and you will lose Him if you are not very careful. I know some of you won't understand this because you have never seen Him. You have never taken the trouble to find Him. You have never come into loving contact with Him.

STORY OF THE SCIENTIST AND THE SHEPHERD.

Jesus is only a name to you. "A foot out of a dry ground; there is no form or comeliness, no beauty" in Jesus. He is "despised and rejected." To those who do not know Christ, my words may fall on your ears to no avail. You will not understand me; but that is because you have not seen Him and do not know Him. If you had seen Him then you would understand. They tell a story of a great scientist, a great naturalist, who, one lovely summer day recently, went out in the Highlands of Scotland with his miscroscope to study the heather bell in all its native glory, and, in order that he might see it in its perfection, he got down on his face, without plucking the flower; adjusted his instrument, and was revelling in its color, its delicacy, its beauty, "lost in wonder, love and praise." How long he stayed there he does not know, but suddenly there was a shadow on him and his instrument. He waited for a time, thinking it might be a passing cloud. But it stayed there, and presently he looked up over his shoulder and there was a fine specimen of a Highland shepherd, watching him, and without saying a word, he plucked the little heather bell and handed it, with the microscope, to the shepherd that he, too, might see what he was beholding if

he had vision. And the old shepherd put the instrument up to his eyes, got the heather bell in place and looked at it until the tears ran down his rugged face like bubbles on a mountain stream. And then, handing back the little heather bell tenderly, and the instrument, he said, "I wish you had never shown me that. I wish I had never seen it." "Why?" asked the scientist. "Because," he said, "mon, that rude foot has trodden on so many of them." When once you get your eyes open and look through the telescope—God's telescope of the love of Calvary; at God's dear Lamb for sinners slain, you will curse yourself because you ever treated Him badly for a moment—when you have got sight, when you have seen Him. The Lord open our eyes!

THE DANGER OF LOSING JESUS CHRIST.

Some of you will understand because you saw Him once; and the loss is all the greater because you do not look into His face, and you do not stand close to Him, and once you did revel in His service; and once your Lord was everything; once you had a fellowship, a dear fellowship, but you have lost Him. You may be a church member, but you have lost Him. You may be an official in the church, but you have lost Him. You may still be a Christian worker and have lost Him. You may still be a preacher, for it is possible, it is possible, and nobody knows more than I do that it is possible to talk about Him when you have lost Him. May God save anybody in this house from the agony of losing Jesus! It is a terrible loss, it is a loss that nothing can ever make up. There is no compensation for the loss of Jesus Christ. And the sad part about this is that the woman and the

father lost Him and they did not know it, and it is possible to lose Jesus and not be conscious of it. There is danger. Listen! "They supposed he was in the company." But what is the use of supposing? It won't do to live on suppositions spiritually. Your soul demands facts. Your soul demands more than a blessing; it demands the blesser. Your soul cannot live on sentiment or on excitement: it needs Jesus, the living Christ, the constant living presence of a living Christ, and when He is there there is no such thing as a supposition. And the danger of all people who go to church and profess love to Jesus is that we suppose too much. We allow spiritual things to drift away in too uncertain a way, and religious certainty is the certainty of religion. They "supposed he was in the company." However Jesus was absent, and it was a religious company. It might have been a triumphal procession, and it would have been if Jesus had been at the head of it? What is the use of the Church service if Jesus is out of it? What is the good of our paraphernalia about religion if Christ is absent. Many supposed He was in the company, and He was away back in Jerusalem.

"WOULD CHRIST BE WELCOME IF HE CAME TO-DAY?"

Samson wist not that the Lord had departed from him; and here is a whole church full of people, a whole church membership, all the official board, minister and everybody concerned in the church (you read of it in the New Testament in Revelation), a whole church that had lost Christ, and nobody seemed to know it. And they had a church meeting and came to the conclusion that they were so rich, so learned, so cultured that they actually needed nothing, and God said: "Poor, blind, wretched, ignorant one, behold I stand at the door and knock." Christ knocking at the door of a Christless church! They lost Him and did not know it. I wonder if Jesus Christ came to some of our churches to-day He would be a welcome guest. I wonder if He came whether we should recognize Him. I wonder if He came to some churches if He would be invited to fill the vacant pulpit. I wonder if we should relish His ministry. I wonder if we should recognize the Lord we profess to worship. I wonder if we should know Him. We have been living so out of touch with Him for such a long time that we should not know Him if He came.

My brother, where do you stand in relation to these great things? Have you been "supposing?" Have you been satisfied with the grand procession, and the beautiful service, and the lovely singing, and the magnificent oratory, and the social status, and the financial success and forgotten Jesus? Listen! It is all poor if Jesus be absent. Your magnificent building is not too much if Jesus be out of it. The temple is poor if Jesus is not in it. St. Paul's cathedral is nothing but a glorified quarry if Christ be out of it, and my old gypsy tent is a cathedral when Christ is in it. Christ makes the temple. Christ makes the procession. Christ makes the service. Christ makes the song. Christ makes the sermon. Christ makes the prayer. Christ honored means heaven below, but if Christ be lost then it is mockery and blasphemy. And so I feel like saying, "Lord, it is better that I should go through the world with one eye if Thy light and guide be but nigh; it is better, oh Saviour Divine, to lose this right

hand of mine if Thou put the other in Thine. Thou only makest me complete and to limp, to limp; to be lame forever by Thy side were more sweet than walking alone on both feet.

POSSIBLE TO LOSE CHRIST IN MANY WAYS.

Christ completes, glorifies, transforms, makes heaven below; and to lose Him is hell. And the first person to lose Him was His mother; the most unlikely person to lose Him was His mother. Now, will you notice, please, that she lost Him in the most unlikely place. She lost Him where people generally go to find Him. She did not lose Him at the theater. She did not go there. She did not lose Him getting drunk. She did not drink. She did not lose Him in the divorce court. She did not lose Him while committing any extravagant vice. She did not lose Him away off with the giddy multitude, that dishonors God, that rejects God, that defies Him openly in rebellion. She was not with the crowd. Listen! She lost Christ in the temple. Why have I said these things? To show you that you need not be an extravagant sinner to lose Him; you need not be a sinner after the vulgar type; you need not paint the city red; you need not break your mother's heart; you need not turn your father's hair gray; you need not break any particular law of the state—you can sit in these pews every Sunday morning and hear this godly man preach, as I have heard him preach this morning; you may sing these lovely hymns and apparently join the worship of God; you can come and go to the holy place; you can go to the temple on the feast and fast days; you may be very rigid in your conformity to the ordinances of the

church, and you may be in good standing with the rules of your particular denomination; you may be regularly at the week night prayer meeting; you may be very lovely and beautiful and admirable and attractive and sought after and popular with good people; but if you are not careful, even in the midst of religious things, and in a religious atmosphere, you may lose Jesus Christ. I know it is possible to lose Him while I am speaking of Him, and that is the last thing in the world we want to do. But I know the possibility, for I know something about this wicked heart of mine. I know its subtlety; I know its deception; and we are no longer kept than we are kept by God. You may lose Him in the temple; you may lose Him in Plymouth Church. In the temple, the last place in the world! In the very presence of Jesus Christ. You may be so taken up with the services; with the man with the voice, with music; you may be taken off from the main thing and turned aside after something else not essential, and you may lose the face of the Lord Christ. Be careful, be careful. It is not the man: it is not the message; it is not the method; it is not the church; it is not the building; it is not the purpose—it is Christ, and Christ alone.

"Thou, O Christ, Art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find."

QUESTIONS WHICH EVERY ONE SHOULD ASK OF HIMSELF.

Have you lost Him? Have you? Come, now, look into your heart and forgive me if I command you. Forgive me, if as a messenger, I try to make you think for a moment or two. Have you lost Him? Is Jesus

as dear to you as when you first joined the church? Is He as precious as when you first saw Him? Do these things mean as much to you? Is there the same passion, the thrill, the ecstasy? Are you enthused about these things, as you were? You ought to be a little more. Are you as much? You should have grown; you should be walking on the heights, with measured step, with God. You should be sitting in the "heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Have you lost Him? Have you drifted? Are you in an uncertain state? Don't you know what you are? Have you got cold? Is there doubt and fear and gloom and sorrow? There ought to be; and there will be if you have lost Christ—there will be. Where are you? I pause that you may think; for you do know, you do know. Have you had an interview with your Lord lately? Have you had any real, unbroken fellowship with Him lately? Have you gone aside with Him? Have you communed with Him face to face, heart to heart, as friend with friend? Is He as real as when you first set out for the kingdom? You know. You know. And God sent this message to call a halt; to make you turn your eyes inwardly and let you see for a few minutes the great needs, the awful needs of your own soul. Don't get angry with the message. That won't help matters; that will only aggravate. Don't be annoyed because God tries to arrest your attention and make you face facts. I beseech you, I beseech you, not to be irritable when God the Holy Ghost sends the messenger to make you look on matters as they are, and not as they ought to be, for a moment; but as they are; as they really stand at this moment. Some of you have been living just where Mary was living part of the time during the three days—supposing, supposing. You have supposed Jesus was here, and He was there. And you have supposed He was somewhere else, and you have been too much in the crowd. You have not taken time to think, to locate, to understand the situation. You have been afraid to be alone. You have been on the tramp, the universal tramp, and you have not been honest enough to face facts, and you have lost Him. It will not do to live in this state. There is danger. The most unlikely person was the first to lose Him. Listen! And she lost Him in the most likely place, in the temple. And hear it! She found him where she lost Him. So will you. Calvary is very exacting. Listen! David found his Lord while confessing the sin through which he lost Him; Mary and Joseph had to tramp back three days' journey, and they found Him where they left Him—in the temple. The prodigal son found his father in the old homestead. He had not left it, and, believe me, He is still there, and when you go back to where you left Him you will find Him. But it is the going back; the weary tramp home, that some of us don't like. It is this conspicuous march that some of us kick against, and yet that is the only way. And just as sure as you are a man and are listening to me at this moment you will find Christ just where you left Him. Some of you sing sometimes:

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I knew the Lord?

NO SUCH THING AS DODGING THE QUESTION.

Where is it? It is where you left it. And you need not think you can dodge God. You cannot. You need

not think you can bribe God. You cannot. You need not think you can shut God's eyes. You cannot, you cannot. But everything must be dealt with that came between you and your Lord, and if you cover that thing up and say nothing about it, and try to act on the sly, you will never succeed—you will never find Him; you have got to talk about that very thing and confess it, and forsake it and put it right as far as lies in your power. Mary's blunder was that she left the temple without Him. She would have been saved her three days of misery if she had not done that. The first step caused the mischief. When first I began to preach I was only a boy, and a man who bears a very honored name in the Christian world to-day took me aside soon after. I had left my gypsy tent and he said, "I suppose you take a few minutes each night before you sleep to pray and to square off things for the day," and I was rather surprised, and said to him, "What do you mean?" "Why," said he, "I suppose you take a few minutes before you go to bed each night to get on your knees and square up for the day." I said, "No, I don't; I dare not." "What do you mean?" said he. I replied, "I have to square up as I go along. If I waited till night my burden would crush me. I dare not wait a day. Three days would kill me. I have to go to God every moment, moment by moment. Three days without Him! How long have you been without Him? Three days? Three weeks? Three months? Three years? O, my God, without Thee! A soul without God, without Christ and without hope! Why that must be a foretaste of hell, for I can perceive of no worse hell than the loss of Jesus Christ.

Have you lost Him? Listen! You must come back

to the spot, to the hour, to the thing, and talk to God about that very thing. Mary had to go back to the temple. She was his mother. And if you are to find Him you must go back to where you left Him. When I was in South Africa a fine, handsome Dutchman, over six feet high, came into my service and God laid His hand on him and convicted him of sin, and the next morning he went to the beautiful home of another Dutchman and said to him: "Do you know that gold watch?" "Why, yes," said the other, "those are my initials; that is my watch. I lost it eight years ago. How did you get it and how long have you had it?" "I stole it," was the reply. "But you were my friend?" "I stole it and have worn it." "What made you bring it back now?" "I was converted last night," said the other, "and I have brought it back the first thing this morning. If you had been up I should have brought it last night.

TO WANT CHRIST ONE MUST WALK HIS WAY.

You will have to go back. Are you willing to take back that unkind word, that slanderous, libelous word? Are you willing to tear up that letter in your pocket that you know you have no right to. Are you willing to break off that unlawful friendship? You will have to do it if you want to find Him. If you want Christ you must walk in Christ's way; you must do as Christ wants you to do. You must do what He can smile upon. Are you willing to do it? You will have to go back. I know it is not easy. It means aching feet and an aching heart. It may mean a bleeding heart, but you will have to do it if you want peace. There can be no peace until God is put in His right

place, until Jesus is honored. Will you seek Him and put Him there to-night? Will you close your eyes to the multitude and give your soul a chance? Your soul is prompting you; your soul is demanding; and conscience with its finger points, points, points back to the living wall, called memory, where the pictures hang, the pictures of the past. And conscience is saying to you, "Look, look, look!" And that conscience is God demanding that you listen and that you obey. God help you to obedience this night! That is the way to find Him.

While preaching in Aberdeen a year ago and conducting meetings, I took lunch one day with a merchant, a Christian man, and he said: "There is a lady here who wants to see you before you leave the house." I saw her alone and she said: "Last Sunday I sat on the platform three chairs away from you, and it seemed as though every word you preached was meant for me, and when you gave an invitation for those who wanted Christ to rise I stood up. I believe I was the first. You asked those who had risen for prayer to leave their seats and go into the vestry. I stood there and said to myself, 'I cannot go there. Everybody knows me. I am one of the best known women in the city and they all suppose I am all right'—the supposing comes in again—my pride would not let me go and I did not go." I offered to pray with her then, but she said: "That won't settle it. I am coming to the meeting to-night early enough to sit in the same chair, right where the devil defeated me, and when the invitation is given I am going to stand up before the 3,000 people, and when you ask us to come to the inquiry room I am going there, and I am going to confess Christ and get the victory." You should have

seen her. She did not wait to be asked. When she came out of that inquiry room she had found her Lord right where she lost Him. She glorified Him. She confessed Him openly and went away with joy in her soul. And you may do the same when you do as she did—when you go back to the place where she lost Him. Will you do it to-night? Will you do it now? In the next few moments hundreds of people in this house may find Jesus. O, Holy Spirit forbid that anybody should go away supposing, when they may be sure. Let us pray."

THE DOCTRINE OF REPENTANCE.

Gipsy Smith preached the Doctrine of Repentance at Plymouth Church, and he preached in no uncertain manner, and in no gentle manner.

Gipsy Smith has not yet pointed any easy way to salvation. He has declared that he knows of none. He points a way that is difficult, perhaps, but he points it clearly and he points out even more clearly the absolute necessity of following that way, straight though it be and narrow.

The evangelist who has already stirred the spiritual depths of Brooklyn is unique in many things. He doesn't rant. His language is that of an educated, of a cultivated, of a refined mind. His voice is delightful to the ear and he does not work on the theory that noise brings salvation. He is earnest and he is forceful—no man engaged in evangelical work to-day is more so, but the force is in his words and does not rely for its structure on volume of sound.

His sermon was of the type that Spurgeon was famous for. It had nothing to deal with flowery beds of ease, with salvation made easy, but it dealt, fearlessly and vigorously, with the need of repentance under salvation, and it stirred those who heard it mightily. And it brought men and women to Christ. Many rose to signify their desire for better lives and scores remained for prayer and talk with the evangelist and his assitants. In the gallery, while the heads of the big audience were bowed in prayer, there rose to his feet a well-dressed business man who had come to the church with his wife.

"I thought I was a Christian," he said, "but to-night I'm going to start all over again." That was the effect Gipsy Smith left upon his auditors, and it was the same effect he has reached in each one of his meetings, each time in a different way.

Gipsy Smith doesn't handle his subject with kid gloves or with any other kind of gloves. He doesn't believe, as some clergyman have declared, that the days for preaching fire and brimstone are gone. He believes in getting down to the very bone and sinews of his subject, and when that subject is such a one as unregenerate sin.

"Love has been preached to some of you so often that you are love-sick," said the speaker at one point, and then he proceeded to make it very clear that what was needed was not love but repentance, the turning from sin to God and the casting out of all the stands in the way of fellowship with the Master.

It is not stretching the facts to say that Gipsy Smith has already made as wonderful an impression upon the clergymen of the city as he has upon the members of their congregations. He has startled some of them out of more or less of serenity and awakened some of them to the fact that there are more things in heaven and earth, and in the gospel, than have been dreamed of in their philosophy.

He spoke last night of the wonderful work that is ready to be done here in Brooklyn, of the magnificent opportunities that await the workers, and he prayed earnestly that it might be given him to do some of

the work. The kneynote of his talk last night was in the sentence in which he defined repentance as the "coming from sin to God," and the emphasis he laid on the word "from" and the word "to," pointing out the wonderful distance traversed in such a journey, the absolute transition from sinfulness to Godliness.

Gipsy Smith spoke as follows:

THE SERMON AT PLYMOUTH.

"You will find the text in the first chapter of St. Mark, beginning at the fourteenth verse: 'After John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom of God, and saying, Repent ye.' Jesus came into Galilee preaching the Gospel of repentence. My theme to-night is: 'Bible Repentance.' Let me say at the beginning, I have nothing very pleasant to say, therefore, I pray you, hear me patiently. My message is not soothing at all. Indeed, you may get very angry with me. I shall not be surprised if you do. They got angry when this doctrine was first preached from, and wherever it is preached in the hearing of evildoers somebody will still get angry, but it is the preacher's business to preach it. The doctrine of repentance is the most unpopular doctrine in the New Testament. It is the most neglected doctrine of the New Testament, and for every one sermon you hear preached on repentance you will hear twenty on the love of God, and some of you have been preached to on love till you are lovesick. (Laughter.) And if you laugh at it, it shows you do not realize what I am talking about, for I am not here to make you giggle. I would rather see you weep, for, God knows, there is need of it. I am afraid

that in our zeal, in our enthusiasm to get people into the church we have lowered the standard. We have widened the doors, but not God's doors, for they never can be widened. Their limits were set on Calvary, and nobody with any human fingers, or planning, or scheming, or effort can move back the straight and the narrow gate. I am afraid, I say, that in our zeal to get people into our churches we have lowered the standard, and I, believe me, would rather lose my soul in an honest attempt at keeping the standard up. Even though I never reached it. I would rather lose my soul in that effort than save my soul lowering the standard to suit my own miserable, contemptible ideals and experience.

TOO EASY FOR PEOPLE TO COME INTO CHURCH.

"Listen! Jesus on Calvary is not the substitute for the life He means me to live. That is the power and the place where we get our equipment to live the life which God means us to live. I am afraid, I say, we have made it too easy for people to come into the church. Jesus never made it easy; the apostles never made it easy; the fathers of our churches, the founders of our churches never made it easy. To multitudes of people nowadays it costs nothing to come into the churches, and it costs nothing to go out. They give up nothing when they come in and leave nothing behind when they go out. When I came to Christ it meant something. A quarter of a century ago it did mean something to come to Jesus. It was a pilgrimage, it was a warfare, it was a conflict, it was a struggle. It meant an honest attempt to do the will of God, and we heard something about cutting off right

arms then, and taking out right eyes then. There was a text in the Book that talked about the cross, and something else that spoke about self-denial. It meant being willing to be a fool for Christ's sake, to be misrepresented, slandered and abused; it meant walking alone, to be ostracised, to be hated for His dear sake; it meant resisting unto blood, striking against sin; it meant tears and loneliness; there was a place on the map called Gethsemane; there was a day in the calendar called Good Friday, and there was another day called Easter, and there was no getting to Easter if we tried to dodge Good Friday. Coming to Jesus, being a Christian a quarter of a century ago meant business, it meant a life, a life lived in harmony with the Eternal. What is it now? It is a picnic. It is a social. It is an endeavor. To join a church taking communion is a mockery, a caricature. May God open our eyes! Remember, remember, this gospel of repentance holds the field till Jesus recalls it. He has not recalled it, and therefore I am going to preach it. And one of the reasons why you have got such a sickly, sentimental crop of so-called believers in the churches who can get up enthusiasm for a fancy fair or a lecture, but are not there when there is a prayer meeting and they are conspicuous by their absence when Christianizing evangelism is on hand, is because they were not born right. They skipped the main business.

WHAT A SPURIOUS REPENTANCE MEANS.

"A spurious repentance means a spurious Christian life, and the man who dodges this dodges everything. John came preaching repentance and they put him in jail for it. They did not like it, and if some of you get up and go out mad while I am speaking I shall know which one I have hit. They got mad at John for preaching repentance. They did not like it, and they put him in jail.

"Listen! As soon as John was put in prison Jesus took up John's doctrine because it was Christ's before it was John's. Jesus took up the same theme when John was silent, and He was in Galilee and His first public sermon in that part of the world was on repentance, and He knew where to begin. He knew. The first public utterance of the Son of God in that part of the world was, 'Repent ye,' Oh, for some John, the man in camel's hair coat and iron girdle, with the fiery tongue and the flashing eye and the thundering voice to stand somewhere in Brooklyn and New York, and in the cities of the world—with a voice that commands, shouting with his might, 'Repent!' for that is what is needed. I wish I knew how to do it. And if you care to look at the last words Jesus spoke to the world before He left it, when He got the mark of the nails in His hands and feet up yonder on the mountain and was about to leave His disciples and go back to Glory, you will find He gave the commission to preach repentance; so that in His first and last utterances we have got 'repentance.' And when He got back to the throne, as though He had not said the last word about it, and as though He looked down through the ages and saw that some of us would shrink to preach it—it is far easier to congratulate than to expostulate—as though He knew that some of us would shrink from proclaiming the whole counsel of God,

A SOP TO SOOTHE THE CONSCIENCE.

"He looked out of the clouds and said to a man called Saul, 'Saul, you go to the Gentiles and make them do works meet for repentance—make them.' Jesus never made it easy. He did not say 'only believe,' and the Bible does not say it. And the man who says it preaches a mongrel gospel. It is a sop from the pit to soothe the conscience, only saying 'peace when there is no peace.' Peace, while the world is in anarchy! Peace, while the heart is in rebellion! Peace, while God is defied! Peace, when I have dethroned the Infinite! No, sir, there never can be peace until there is a cessation of hositilies toward God; until occasion for war is put away. You need not bother your head about peace; the Kingdom of God begins with righteousness, and then peace. Right first, and when a man gets right with God his peace will flow like a river. (Cries of 'Amen! Amen!') My friends, we have been more anxious to count heads than hearts, and there are thousands of people in America called backsliders, who never were frontsliders. Don't you label yourself when you are dealing with these things, but allow God to put His own labels on, and don't you go ahead of Him! No, let me say it again: If the repentance is not genuine, everything is false. And so at the beginning of these days, I want, if I can, to clear the ground, for there is a good deal of vague misunderstanding about this mighty doctrine, and I think it is enforced over sixty times in the New Testament and all the epistles were written to show men how to repent. We ought to know, but alas! many of us are ignorant as to what the word means and what Christ means when He says: 'Repent,'

I said, just now, that Jesus never made it easy. Let me prove it. Here is a man who came to Him saying: 'What shall I do to inherit eternal life?' and Jesus said: 'Sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, and follow me.' He went away. It was not easy. Here is another man who came to Him and said: 'We know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do the things thou doest except God be with him,' and He said, 'You must be born again,' and He could not make it easy even for a master in Israel. Here is another man. He said: 'Lord, are there few that be saved,' and Jesus said: 'You save yourself; you strive to enter in, you agonize and struggle to enter in at the strait gate.' Here is another: He was one of the popular sort that is moved by anything and carried away by emotion, and he says: 'Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest,' and Jesus knew he had not counted the cost and He said: 'The foxes have holes and the birds have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.' As much as to say: 'If you are going to follow me, it won't be easy.' One day, when it seemed as if the multitude would be disciples, He stopped and held up a cross (for that was ever the test), and He said: 'If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself and follow me.'

THE STRUGGLE TO LEAD AN HONEST LIFE.

"Jesus never made it easy, and let any man in the house who has tried honestly for twenty-four hours in his life to do right tell me if it is easy. For me it is a struggle, it is a conflict, it is a fight, inch by inch, and the best days, in my own estimation, are poor, for I spoil them with some rudeness; I stumble

a thousand times where I ought not; but God knows when I stumble, I stumble with my face toward what I would like to do. But it is not easy, it is not easy. But, blessed be God, there is victory in the struggle. You say, "Repent, what is it for?" I must repent, and you must repent, and the man who does not will never know what God is and what Christ is and what the Holy Spirit is, and what salvation, joy and peace are. You will never know unless you come this way. This is God's unalterable plan for saving men.

What is it? you say. First, it is not conviction; you can be convicted without repentance. It is one thing to be called at 5 o'clock in the morning and another thing to get up. It is one thing to be awake and another thing to arise. It is one thing to see your duty and another thing to face it and do it like a man. It is one thing to have light and another thing to have life. It is one thing to say, "I know the right," and another thing to say, "I am honestly seeking to do it." And God took the trouble a while ago to awaken some of you in your moral light. It was dark, very dark, and He awoke you—you were awake. And to make sure, He struck a light for you when He illuminated your judgment and He said, "This is the path I want you to walk." You were awakened; you were convicted; you were alarmed; you were concerned; your conscience was aroused; you knew you were wrong; you were made to smart; you could not sleep; you shed tears; you could not rest; you were mightily moved on account of your own sin and your own state and your own condition. God, the Infinite God, took the trouble to awaken you, to convince you, and had you submitted, had you paid attention, you would have been a Christian. But, listen! You killed, you

stifled, you resisted, you fought against it; you said, "No"; you rolled over and went to sleep again. But you were once convicted, and you remember it to this day, although you are gray-headed; you have not forgotten that conviction.

WHY DO MEN PUT CHRIST AWAY?

"There are others of you who have been living in that state for years. You never hear your own old pastor but you say, 'He is right, and I ought to be a Christian, and I should renounce my sin and give up this thing that is holding me and enslaving me, binding me, stealing away my manhood and killed the best in me. I should give it up if I were manly enough.' But you go on in that state. Yes, you have conviction, but that is not enough, conviction is not repentance. What is it, then? It is not sorrow for sin. You may be sorry in a way without repentance. The young lawyer was; but he was only sorry enough to go away without Jesus. And, remember, he wept. But he went away without Christ; and do not think your tears count if your heart is in rebellion. Some people can weep over a sermon as they weep at a funeral, weep at a play, at a sentimental story, and because their tears are handy they think they are half in the Kingdom. Their tears are an insult to the Deity until they submit to His command. Something more than tears is needed. And do not whisper sweet little messages to yourself because your heart is soft and you can cry and your emotions are easily set going; that you cannot be in a very bad state, because you are in a very bad state until you go and say, 'Lord, Thy will be done in me.' Until you get there God says, 'Why

bring your vain oblation; why bring your tears; I am weary of them, weary of them. Obedience is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.' No, sorrow is not sufficient. What is it, then? Listen! It is not promises to be better. It is no emotion. It is not excitement. It is not sensationalism. It is not hanging after evangelists and evangelization. It is not tramping from church to church to hear a man speak or sing or pray. There is something infinitely better than all these things. It is not church fellowship or communions. It is not self-elected work. It is not getting busy about religious things. It goes deeper than all these things and it should precede all these things. It is the one great, deliberate act of the soul. It is the command of God to be willing and obedient and it is the response of the awakened intelligent, redeemed soul to the call of its God.

WHAT REPENTANCE IS.

"Listen! In Bible language it is turning, turning from sin to God, from sin to God. That is repentance —'from,' 'to.' It is putting your hand on your heart and getting hold of the thing that has been your curse, the enslaving passion, the captivity, the predominating force in your existence, the blackening thing, the hellish thing, the damning thing of your soul and dragging it out—by the hair of the head and saying, 'There, Lord Jesus that is it, and I will die before I will commit it again. I turn from it now, and forever.' That is repentance; that is Bible repentance. Listen! Have you repented after that fashion? Don't talk about being a church member until you have done this, for it is an insult to God to

talk about church membership until you have. Which is the first thing? The first thing is to repent. O, Holy Spirit, help us to be honest. Listen! Repentance is such a beautiful thing that when a man does it, Jesus says, 'There is joy in heaven.' Have you repented after this fashion? I dare not make it easier; the Bible does not. We must put God in His right place. We must play at religion no longer; we must begin to live it.

A REVIVAL AMONG THE WEALTHY.

"On one of my trips to your great city I spent, as some of you will remember, nearly six months in New York. Hundreds of people were converted. One morning I sat at the breakfast table of a very wealthy family. The wife, a splendid Christian woman, who bears an honored name and does great work in this country for God, said, 'Brother Smith, I wish we could do something for the rich women of our city. Some have been to your meetings, but the majority are afraid to go. I have an idea: If you give a few meetings especially for them, privately, in some drawing room, I think if they were invited by letter they would come.' And we arranged half a dozen meetings in one of the mansions in New York City. I went to the first meeting with a good deal of fear and trembling, but my fear soon vanished when I saw waiting for me 175 women, mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of the wealthiest men of America (and I know no difference between millionaires and paupers when I am preaching my Master's message.).

"I took for my text 'Repent ye,' and at the close of the service a bright young mother came to me and

asked to speak with me. We withdrew into one of the bay windows. Her tears, fell like rain, and she said: 'If what you have been preaching is the gospel, if that is religion, then I am a heathen. It is true I am a church member, but I have no knowledge of righteousness and joy and peace in the Holy Ghost.' (I had been emphasizing that.) 'I have no Holy Ghost within. I live as these women live. I am one of the 'swim,' and we are living for the gratification we can get out of our money—the theater, the race course, the ballroom, the swell dinner, the euchre party. What have you to say?' I said: 'God has spoken to you; obey Him,' and ye parted. She attended every meeting, and when the last one came, after the benediction a lady got up and said: 'Mr. Smith, our men folk want to meet you. Will you give us an afternoon? They have heard us talk about you and have expressed a desire to meet you.' I replied, 'You can have my rest day—Saturday,' and I arranged to have a meeting with the men and women. They came as if to some brilliant social function, decked out in their jewelry to see this gypsy boy, and I took them where they never expected to be taken—to a gypsy tent—and I showed them a father and five little, motherless children, without hope, without God or a Bible, with nobody to love or care for them. Only an old gypsy tent, a gypsy father and five children. And then I tried to show them how Jesus came down into that smoky tent and cast it into loveliness until it shone like an old cathedral, and how out from that tent has gone all round the globe a stream of blessing that has enriched the world and made it a little more like what it ought to be.

THE CONVERSION OF A SOCIETY MATRON.

"For these children are trying to preach the gospel, and I saw there men move like a field of corn, and just as I was about to close the gentle lady of the house rose and said, 'May I speak?' I said: 'You are in your own house, speak,' and she said: 'You know me. I am no stranger. I was born with you and grew up with you. I became a mother with you and you know that I have lived. I have been with you to the theater and the race course, but you will never see me there any more, for Jesus has come to me and He satisfies me. You may keep my company, but if you don't I know it will be hard to bear. My choice is made. Christ for me, Christ for me.' What made the difference. She turned from sin to God. Listen! She enthroned Christ; she put Jesus where He ought to be in her heart. And that is repentance. God help everybody here to do it this night. Let us pray."

THE MOVING OF THE WATERS.

The lesson on which Gipsy Smith based his talk to the audience that crowded Plymouth Church, was taken from the fifth chapter of the Gospel of St. John. It was the story of the man who lay helpless by the pool of Bethesda, crippled and without friends—the man who, when the waters became troubled was never able to reach them until so many others had preceded him that there was no room left.

Unto the man Jesus came on the Sabbath day and, after hearing the story of his plight, commanded him that he arise, take up his bed and walk. And, the man having done so, and Jesus having left the scene, those who had seen the happening remonstrated with the man, telling him that it was unlawful that he should take up his bed on the Sabbath. The man knew not who had cured him, but later met Christ in the temple and Jesus told him that his sins were forgiven him and to go and sin no more, lest worse things befall him.

At the outset the evangelist asked his hearers why it was that the people of Jerusalem, those not physically malformed or diseased, did not take more interest in the pool which was in the midst of their city. "They knew what was going on there," he said. "Why didn't they go and help those who sought relief in the waters of the pool?"

The reason, said the gypsy, was just the same reason

as explained why so many of his hearers hadn't been to a prayer meeting lately. There are pools, he said, in Brooklyn, pools of sin, of sorrow and of suffering in sight on every hand.

One reason for this, he said, was that many of his hearers, didn't know how to pray. "How often," he cried, "do you take your child aside and pray with him. You pray for him, but why don't you pray with him? He asked how many of his women hearers ever prayed with their maids, and reminded them that their maids are not cattle, but possessed of souls.

He told, affectingly, of how he learned to pray, long before he knew how to read; of how he would take his Bible, the first book he ever had, but which he was then unable to read, to some secluded spot in the open, and there and then, his Bible before him, sometimes, perhaps, held upside down, and pour out his soul to God in prayer for guidance and help.

Then, for a moment, he was the gypsy again, and held his auditors enthralled with a word picture of the beauties of a rustic-England April. But he brought it to something of an anti-climax by asking his auditors what they would think of him if he should stand in the midst of such glories with a paint brush and say: "This is spring." His application of it all was that when once his hearers were truly born again it would be unnecessary for them to declare the fact or to label worth of a soul; if we understood themselves, as if would be apparent to all the world.

The Plymouth Church talk by Gipsy Smith was, with the possible exception of his magnificent appeal to men the Sunday before, the most powerful he had made so far in the campaign. Yet at each service he seemed more powerful than before, and so manifest

was this fact that he brought back audiences night after night, and those who heard him one night were among the earliest arrivals on the succeeding night.

Dr. Hillis spoke of the great annual Free Church Council, representing 20,000,000 people, which convenes in Leeds, England, and he suggested that the audience approve of a cablegram which it was proposed to send to the Council, which is the great body under the direction of which Gipsy Smith works. The cablegram, which was approved by a unanimous raising of hands, was as follows:

"Rendle Harris, Leeds, England, Free Church Council: Union Mission in Plymouth, representing one hundred churches, send fraternal greetings to Free Church Council. Missions under leadership of Gipsy Smith in Boston, Chicago, Brooklyn, indicate a profound religious awakening in America, and we joyfully recognize the increasing influence of Free Church principles in America and England."

GIPSY SMITH'S SERMON AT PLYMOUTH.

Gipsy Smith said:

"Let me read to you a verse or two, on which I desire to speak, in the gospel by St. John, chapter v: 'After these things there was a feast of the Jews, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem. Now, there is in Jerusalem, by the sheep gate, a pool which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In this lay a great multitude of sick folk, blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the waters.' This is a wonderful story. And I want you to remember that Jesus had been up to Jerusalem before. This was not His first visit. Jesus went up to Jerusalem. 'Now, there is in Jerusalem by the sheep gate a pool.' Why connect that pool with Jesus? Jesus had been heard and seen. His words were causing a great deal of stir and movement. His words were attracting attention. It was not His first visit. And when I know that, and think about this story, this question arises in my mind. Why did not the people of the city interest themselves a little in this pool and the people around it? Surely they knew something of the suffering, something of the pain, something of the agony. Surely they knew something of the agony. Surely they knew something of the tragedies of broken lives and withered bodies. Surely the people who lived in the city, the people who went to the temple and worshipped, believers in the city, the people who held responsible positions in the city—surely they knew. They were not ignorant of that pool. They had seen it; it was in a public place; they knew all about it. It was there. Why did not they concern themselves in this mass of misery—this conglomeration of suffering? These broken bodies and weary limbs and weeping eyes? Surely the people of the city did know. And if they didn't they ought to have known; and not to know was cruelty, and not to care was worse. And to take no step toward alleviating that huge mass of suffering and drying its tears was diabolical. Surely these people knew what was going on there. Listen! And when I read that story in the light of that fact, another question arises: Why did not these people in high places, these religious people, these monopolists of the religion of the day—why did not they go to Jesus and say, 'Here, Nazarene, we have no use for you, but go down to the pool. We can show you something that will keep you busy. Come to the pool.'

"'Here are blind people, lame people, withered people, waiting for a chance, waiting for the healer, waiting for somebody to give them hope. Come down here and see what you can do?' That seems a reasonable question. Why didn't they do it? Listen! Why didn't the people in Jerusalem care enough to do it; feel enough to do it? For the same reason that you Christian people have not been to a prayer meeting lately. For the same reason that you church members have not got on your knees and prayed for the pools in Brooklyn—for the blind and the lame and the withered in your own city, for there are just such places all around you. And if you do not know where they are *it is because you do not* want to know. And if you have not taken the trouble to find out it is because you are so preoccupied about other things that you do not care about the King's business. And if you have not heard sighs and sobs that have rent your heart, and if you have not seen sights to-day that made your eyes shed tears; and if you do not see sights daily that rob you of sleep and rack your brain and make your heart ache when you think of Christ and His lost ones, it is because you have never taken time to think or pray or understand or to learn the genius of the cross and the heart of the gospel.

PEOPLE DO NOT KNOW HOW TO PRAY.

"The fact is, my dear brothers, that we do not know how to pray. We do not understand what prayer is. We say a few prayers, but God calls it 'much speaking.' We touch the door of mercy with the tip end of our fingers, and then in kid glove fashion.

"If we realized what sin is and the great throbbing, pulsating power of the gospel of Jesus Christ we should pelt heaven with our prayers and get on our knees and refuse to get up until heaven opens and the city is taken and captured for Jesus. We do not know how to pray yet. If I came to your house could you show me the place where you kneel for family prayer? Family prayer is beginning to be a lost art. If I came to your house and said 'Bring the Bible you use at family prayer' could you do it? Could you show me the place on the carpet where you kneel once a day to pray? Could you show me the spot? How often do you take your child aside and pray with him? You say, 'Oh, I pray for him.' Do you pray with him? Because nothing breaks the heart of ungodly souls like praying with them. Do you pray with your maid? Your maid has got a soul; she is not a chattel. Do you pray with your maid? Have you religion enough to do it? Do you expect to see your friends and neighbors and husbands and wives and children converted if you do not pray? Do you talk to them about these things? Are you concerned, interested, infatuated with the business of getting hold of the hearts of one and the other and bringing them together, of being the medium between the lost soul and the seeking Christ? Are you so grieved when you see the people godless and prayerless that you have to speak to them about the things of God: death, judgment and eternal life?

LACKING IN THE SPIRIT TO PRAY.

"Listen! That is the spirit of the New Testament; and that is the spirit of Calvary, and that is the spirit of Pentecost, and that is the spirit of the epistles. That is the spirit that you and I have to get if we are

to do anything for Christ in Brooklyn or New York or anywhere else. We must have the spirit which will pray. I could pray long before I could read my Bible, for I was not taught to read it as you were.

"But I could pray, and I did. The first book that was given to me was a Bible, and in those far off gypsy days, as a little nomad, a little stranger, when I could not tell A from B, I used to open the book under a hedge or a tree, or in the corner of a field—and very often it was the wrong way up. But that did not matter; it was all there, and I used to kneel down beside it and pray this prayer: 'Oh, God, I cannot read Thy book, but would you fill my heart with its spirit.' And the Lord heard that prayer long before I could read a letter; and I should not have been where I am to-day if I had not kept up that sort of attitude, and I have tried to cultivate the art of living in an atmosphere of talking to God. And, men and women, you will have to get there if you are going to be of any service to God and humanity. You will have to pray. The weak spot in our religious life to-day is the power to pray. You can fill a church parlor or a lecture hall for a semi-dramatic entertainment or lectures or concerts. You can fill any place about a religious building for world-things, but, oh, how slow to come together to pray. Is it not so? The weak spot ought to be the strong one in the church of God. She was born in an atmosphere of prayer, and when she loses power to pray she has no right to call herself a church. Do you love the peace of prayer? Why did not these people go to Jesus and say, 'Come, Blessed Jesus, down to the pool?' Why did not some of their friends come to Him? Surely those people had relatives in the city. Why were they not concerned? Simply because they

were indifferent. The same spirit takes possession of us and just as soon as professing Christians fall on their knees, just as soon as that will the revival come in overwhelming force. That is how it came to Wales. 'Oh, Lord, teach us how to pray.'

CHURCH MEMBERS NOT ALL CHRISTIANS.

"In the midst of a series of meetings in Lincoln City a woman was converted, tremendously converted.

"She had been a nominal Christian, a nominal church member. Not a Christian, because there is a difference between a church member and a Christian. You are not a Christian because you are a church member. You are a church member, if you are one, because you are a Christian, if you are a Christian, and if you are only a church member you are not a Christian. But you are not a Christian until you are Christ's man, till you are born again, till sin is given up, and you have no right to that holy title until you are Christ's man, Christ's woman. And you need not label yourselves. When you are born again everybody will know it. If you and I went to England, I could take you to some of those lovely vales, and in the early springtime the birds, the skylark, the linnet, the thrush and the chaffinch will be singing the songs of angels wrapped in feathers, the flowers will bloom and burst forth; everywhere there will be color, perfume and blossom as if God had broken up a rainbow into atoms and scattered them at your feet for your pleasure and enjoyment. What would you think of me if I stood in the midst of all this with a paint brush saying, 'This is spring?' When God's spring comes in the soul you do not want a paint brush. Everybody knows it. You need a paint brush

when the spring is not there, and that is why some are so particular in saying, 'I am a Christian.' If you were one you need not talk about it, we should see it in every word and thought and deed. It shines like the light that breaks over the cliff tops of eternity. O God, let the light shine! And this woman was a nominal church member.

CONVERSION OF A NOMINAL CHURCH MEMBER.

"I have heard that word 'nominal' so much that I got down a good dictionary to see what it meant, for I have heard pastors say, 'I have so many nominal members.'

"The word 'nominal,' in the dictionary, means 'unreal.' And she was a nominal church member. I have not said that to make you smile. I said it to make you think. That woman was converted on a Sunday night. She was the mother of six boys, and on Monday she brought one of them, on Tuesday another, on Wednesday another; on Thursday, I think, she brought two; and on Friday she brought a motherless youth of 17 who lived with her. On Saturday night there was a testimony meeting, and I heard her get up and speak. Her face was a study; it showed something of the blessing she had got within, and she said: 'God has done great things for me this week. He saved me last Sunday, and I started to pray for my boys and husband. He has saved five of my boys and this motherless youth. To-morrow my husband will be saved. He is a blasphemer. He does not know I have been praying for him. He and my first born will be converted to-morrow; God is going to give me both. If He does not (holding up her Bible), this Book is not true. But I know, I know God will save them both to-morrow.'

I cannot tell you the thrill that went over the house when that woman's faith, so triumphant, made that statement. I said, 'Let us pray,' and the meeting was dismissed. The next morning the husband left his signal box on the railroad at 6 o'clock (he had been on duty all night), and when he got home to the cottage in which he lived he said to his wife: 'Let me have some breakfast as soon as you can. I want what little sleep I can get this morning, for I am going to hear that man, Gipsy Smith, both afternoon and night.' His wife said: 'That is right; we have been praying for you.' 'For me?' 'Yes, all this week. God saved me last Sunday, and I have brought five of the children into the Kingdom, and we have been praying for you.' 'For me?' 'Yes; Gipsy Smith prayed for you last night, and all the church said "Amen." 'What time was it?' 'It was half-past eight when we were praying for you.' The husband replied: 'At half-past eight the line was clear. I had nothing to do for a little while but to think, and I thought of my children and of the wicked life I have lived, and something spoke to me in that hour in the signal box and said: 'You ought to be a Christian, for your wife's sake and your children's sake and for your own sake,' and he said: 'About half-past eight I threw myself on the cabin floor and I prayed the God of my mother for mercy.' That woman's faith gripped her husband and gripped God, and brought them together; and that husband is a Methodist local preacher to-day.

THOUSANDS IN BROOKLYN WHO NEED HELP.

"Why did not these people come to Jesus? They were blind and could not see; they were deaf and could

not hear. And so Jesus said to one man, 'Friend, wouldst thou be made whole?' and the man put the whole case into a nutshell and he said, 'I have not anybody to help me.' And in Brooklyn, the City of Churches, there are thousands of men saying the same thing. You are churchgoers. Are you spiritual? You are religious; are you soul-winners? You bear the name of Christ; have you Christ's spirit? You call yourselves by the holy name; are you walking the holy path? You take the cup of communion; are you bearing the cross? You would be insulted if I called you a heathen; are you beneath the weight of a withered world helping to lift it a little nearer to God? That is the Christ spirit. Have you got it? The Christ spirit concerns itself with the suffering, the sorrowing, the dying, the blind, the sick, the lame, the lost, and it seeks to bring it all back to the Father heart of God. Are you doing that? You know, you know, and God knows.

"Now, turn the picture around. Is not every church in Brooklyn a Bethesda? Are there not the same three classes in this church and in every church in Brooklyn—the blind, the halt, the withered. I find them everywhere, and especially in churches. People who do not see, and, what is more, they do not want to see; they do not want to be disturbed, they do not want anything to interrupt them. They would rather you cried 'peace.' Blinded by the god of this world. Are you one of them? Are you conscious of your need? Do you feel your desperate condition? Do you see your sin? Do you see it in the light of the cross, because that is how God sees it. He sees sin from Bethlehem to Golgotha. That is the measure of your sin. Do you see it as God sees it, in all its blackness, hideousness, damning, paralyzing power? Do you see it? Do you feel it? Because we shall never understand Calvary until we sound the depths of our own sin, and when we have got a vision of our own sin we shall cry out for a Saviour. Are you blind? Do you understand your own state? I think if we did, men and women, there would be such a cry run round this building that the people in the street would hear us. I think if we felt our sin as God sees our need, I think we should get on our knees and forget everybody in the building and cry out 'O God! save me or I die,' and nobody needs to pray that prayer more than I do. 'Save me, or I die.' Are we blind? Remember, that you may see.

BACKSLIDERS IN THE CHURCH.

"And then there are the people who are lame in the church, the people who are up and down, you are never sure of them. Sometimes they are up and all right and then down. You never know. Sometimes they are within sight of victory and then they are down again below the fog, living in doubt, gloom and fear and shame and misery. They are lame. They always want a spiritual hospital. Is that your case? Spiritually maimed? And then there are the withered. Withered! What does that mean? A withered arm is bad enough, a withered limb, but a withered soul! A backslider. Useless, lifeless, dropping, hanging, a burden, a weariness. Withered, dead, twice dead—a backslider. There are two backsliders: The public backslider and the heart backslider. The heart backslider keeps his position in the church, but he is the more dangerous and a greater hindrance to the church than the public backslider. You know how to treat him. It is the

man in the pew that is the menace to the church of God. Come out of your hiding and get right with God.

"The blind, the halt, the withered. Here they are all about us, and if you get them to face the truth they say: 'I expect it will be right, some day. I am waiting, I am waiting.' 'What are you waiting for?' 'I am waiting for a revival.' Well, get on your knees and the revival will begin. These waters are moved. They have been moved since Jesus died. The waters of life and the rivers of grace and life eternal are at your feet, within your reach, and you may step in and God's tide, if you will let it, will lift you out of sin to God. The Lord help you to step in! Some of you have been hanging on the edge of the pool so long that some of us would give you a push and have you in, but we cannot, we cannot. When the waters were troubled it was the one that stepped in that was made whole, and when Jesus came to this sight of misery He said to that man: 'Arise!' and he had to get up. And your salvation depends upon your obedience to the divine command, and while you wait you will never be saved. Inactive, you will never know victory. Sit still and never take the step toward God, and you will never get there. You may wait until Doomsday and get no better. You get better by movement—obedience, repenting, surrendering, confessing. God help us to get a little nearer the cleansing fountain, the moving stream, the healing waters, the life-giving Christ this night, this night.

"Brother, where are you? Sister, do you know this Saviour? He is here. He is nearer than the seat on which you sit; nearer than the friend beside you; nearer than the handkerchief in your hand; nearer

than the tear that fell from your eye on to your cheek just now. Close your eyes and speak to Him. Say to Him: 'Lord, Jesus, make me whole. I want to be whole. My poor withered, lame life; my poor, broken heart; my checkered career, my poor misspent past, my sin. Lord, thou knowest all about me. Thou art the Saviour of men and my Saviour. Save me now.' The good Lord will answer that prayer if it comes from the heart quicker than it takes me to tell you about it. The Lord helps you to put Him to the test this moment. In this place—now. If thou wilt seek Him with all thine heart, He will say to you, as He did to this man, 'Sin no more, lest worse things befall thee.' "

A TALK TO YOUNG MEN.

The audience that crowded every inch of old Plymouth Church was distinctly an audience of young men. There were several hundred of them there and they were much in evidence in the congregation, particularly in the galleries.

TEXT OF THE PLYMOUTH SERMON.

Gipsy Smith said:

"'And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho, and behold, a man called by name Zaccheus, a chief publican, and he was rich, sought to see Jesus, who he was, and could not, for the crowd because he was little of stature. And he ran before and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see him, for he was to pass that way. And when Jesus came to the place, he looked up and said unto him, Zaccheus, make haste, and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house. And he made haste, and came down and received him joyfully.' The first verse of the nineteenth chapter of St. Luke.

"I want to speak to you about this wonderful meeting between a big sinner and a great Saviour; and if you want to see Jesus at His best you want to see Him face to face with a great sinner. Jesus never looked so wonderful as when He was dealing with a case that in the eyes and thought of other people was absolutely

hopeless. And I want you to just notice two or three things about His visit to Jericho. It was a wonderful moment in that city, when Jesus passed through its gates. More wonderful than the people in it realized. If their eyes had only been opened; if they had only known the psychological moment Jericho would have given a different reading for its history. But He came to the city, passed through the city, and the people did not understand it. And this moment is as momentous in the history of your city as that moment was to Jericho, for Jesus is passing through Brooklyn. Mind how you act. Mind what you do. Be careful how you treat the Divine visitation, for you too may be writing a story that will pulsate with a gladness indescribable, with a joy that may vibrate until heaven shall feel it and the very angels of God shall rejoice over the story.

"Listen! God has brought us together. These men of God feel that some of us have had very little to do with these arrangements, that have been made for us, and God has arranged that you should come and listen to these words from my lips, because He has a Divine purpose. He means your betterment, your ennoblement. He wants to save you from your sin, and make a man of you. He wills to deliver you from the things that are destroying the purity and nobility of your nature and character—things which are eating out your manhood, and speedily but surely robbing you of life itself, and separating you from the God of the whole earth. God has a purpose in bringing us together. Don't play the fool. Don't you frustrate the Divine purpose, for Jesus comes to cities to-day as much as He went to them then, for He has not turned humanity loose in the wilderness to die. He comes as much to-day as when He was on the earth.

GOD IS PRESENT TO-DAY IN BROOKLYN.

"The great heart of God, like a mother's, yearns for the return of those who have gone astray and God cares. And because He cares we are here. And if you do not see God in this movement it is because 'the God of this world hath blinded your eyes.' If you had vision you would see God in every atom at your feet. The little dust spot—you pick it up and get it beneath the light of the cross and you will see the red mark on it. You would not call the sparrow a mean sparrow if you had a vision of Calvary. You would see God in the wing of the sparrow as much as in the angel's, for there is no sparrow dies without God goes to the funeral. You would see God in the rhythmic swing of the sunshine as well as in movement of the constellation if you had your eyes in the right place. You would see God in the daisy, for a daisy does not grow without He stoops to kiss the place to make it beautiful as much as in the blossom of an orchard in spring. You would see God in every blade of grass that points heavenward in the sunshine as much as in the spreading of the rainbow across the sky. And it is because God has made all these things new for you and for me, and all these things point to the greater fact that He has got something better for us and far nobler and far more important.

"My brother, listen! Jesus, Jesus, the son of God, the Saviour of men, is in your city; and this night, this hour, we spend together may be an epoch making hour as that moment was to Zaccheus, for in it you may settle business, that will stand the test of time and eternity. For in this moment you may do things that will glorify God and help to build a throne. Mind

what you do. Jesus is coming your way, coming your way, coming for you, for you. I wonder what you will do when you have the opportunity. I wonder if you will be as wise as this man, this Zaccheus, this publican, this rich sinner, this best hated sinner in the city, this most despised sinner in the city—I wonder. At the same time the smaller sinner and the biggest sinner of the city. I wonder if you will be as wise as he was. All the sermons I have ever heard preached about Zaccheus made Zaccheus to be the embodiment of curiosity. He was more than that, and it is not fair if that is all you can see in this man. You don't do him justice. Jesus never treated a curious man as He treated this man, or an idle, curious spectator as He treated this man.

ZACCHEUS AN EARNEST SEEKER AFTER CHRIST.

"I believe Zaccheus was an intelligent, honest, earnest seeker after Jesus Christ. I am not so sure that he did not hear John the Baptist say 'Behold the Lamb of God.' I am not so sure that he was not waiting for this opportunity. I do know this: that he acted like a man who had counted the cost, who had thought the whole question out, like a man who knew what he was going to do when the opportunity came without hesitation or reservation, and instantly, and forever after he made the acknowledgement that makes a man Christ's man forever. He sought, and every man who finds will have to seek, and no man finds without seeking, and what is not worth seeking will never be found. A man too lazy to seek will never find, and a man who wants to know God will have to put all there is into the business or he will never find or know

Him. To find God means head and heart and heels. If a man wants God he must use them all. It is no good to sit and sing about the 'Sweet by and by.' You will never see it, never come within seeing distance, and I am afraid we say all sorts of sanctimonious things to ourselves where there is no such thing as seeking and surrendering and conformity to the will of God. Zaccheus says, 'I want to see this man, this wonderful Saviour, this Jesus of Nazareth,' and he came out with the crowd, and when he got where the crowd was he could not see Him at all. He was handicapped in his birth; he was a small man. If he had been as tall as some he might have stood a chance with the crowd, but he was small. Lots of people cannot see Jesus because of their meanness. They are circumscribed. They are dwarfed, very much so; circumscribed. And some never had a chance. They were born wrong; they were handicapped at the start with a love of drink, and gambling lust in their blood.

A TERRIBLE THING TO BE STARTED WRONG.

"Hundreds of little children in your city are born of half-damned parents. God pity the children who are brought into the world by drinking parents. It is a terrible thing to be started wrong. And this man could not see Jesus because he was little of stature. Fancy the richest man in the city doing what he did to get a look at Jesus. But it is the man who is prepared to make himself conspicuous, who is prepared to be laughed at for Christ's sake, who is prepared to shut his eyes and ears, to be deaf and dumb and put his fingers to his ears, like Bunyan's Christian—that is the man who gets there. And this man, away back in

the crowd wanted to see Jesus enough to run. We have not been able to get some of you to crawl to Jesus. You want to be carried every time, you want a carriage. I do not know what you will want to bring you to church. You will want the church brought to you. If you come once a day you think you have done wonders. You are 'oncers'—half timers. One meal a week satisfies you and then you think you have honored the preacher and that he ought to feel highly flattered that you suffer his presence for an hour on Sunday morning. You do not know God and you do not know His Gospel. You do not know or you would never allow yourselves to feel that way. May God open your eyes. But this man ran—ran. He outstripped the crowd. He wanted to see Jesus enough to climb a tree. Think of a rich man doing that—up in the top of the tree and shouting to the first man that comes along, 'Tell me where I can find Jesus.' If you could see a man doing that now you would think there was something doing in Brooklyn. I am not saying that it is essential to climb a tree, but I admire the spirit that makes a man so far forget himself, his position and reputation, in his longing enthusiasm and infinite hankering after God and eternal life, to do anything in order that he might see.

THE SPIRIT THAT COUNTS FOR SOMETHING.

"That is the spirit that lands us near the blessing. I want you to notice a very striking thing: Zaccheus got in the tree, saying, 'This is the place. I am sure I shall see Him now, right on this bough. I cannot be hindered by anybody. I shall see Him.' And Jesus, who saw Nathaniel under the fig tree, came along the

pathway that led to the foot of the tree. 'He came to the place.' What place? The place where there is a seeking soul, and Jesus always comes there —always. He knows the place where there is a seeking soul; He knows where to seek you who come in with a burdened heart, you who come in with the tearful faces and the things behind you haunting you like ghosts, longing for a new start in life. Jesus knows where you are sitting and He is very close to you. God help you to believe it. 'He came to the place,' and when He got to the place He stopped the procession. One man can do a lot when he is in earnest. This little man now conquers the crowd. He is master of the situation. He becomes the center of force and attraction and Jesus said—for He knew the best side of Zaccheus' nature, He knew he liked a good dinner. 'Zacchens, I am coming home to dinner with you,' and that won him, that won him. 'I am going to abide with you this day. Come down. Make haste, for to-day I must abide in thy house.' Suppose Zaccheus had looked down on Jesus and said, 'Master, I live at such a number on such an avenue. Call and see me in the cool of the day when the crowd has passed and the excitement is done, and we will sit down and talk things over.' Suppose he had. Then Jesus would have said, 'Zaccheus, I have no time to waste. In a few hours I shall be on the cross. The hours between now and then will be filled with some great achievements toward the redemption of the world. I am gathering the broken timbers of a wrecked world and building a bridge over which the race may march emancipated and free, and I cannot stay or rest a moment until this blistered hand is waved above my head and I cry 'It is finished.' Come down, make haste, for

to-day I must abide in thy house.' And Zaccheus made haste. He showed his sense. He made haste. He did not stop to 'confer with flesh and blood' or for any excuses or hide in any subterfuge of lies; he made haste and came down and he received Him joyfully.

THE REDEMPTION OF FAMOUS MEN.

"Zaccheus did two things: He sought and he surrendered, and the man who does that will he saved. And the people around said, "Oh, he is a sinner. Don't you know he is the worst in the city?' 'Yes,' said Jesus, 'but he is a son of Abraham.' It is the different way love looks at things. The Scribes and the Pharisees saw the sinner; Jesus saw the sinner when Christ had had a chance. They saw an object for hate. Jesus saw a man, and loved him and said, 'He is a son of Abraham.' And Jesus sees more in you than anybody else, my brother. Your friends see the worst. The city sees the worst, and that is all. God sees the worst but He sees also the possibilities, the capacity, the spark of divinity in you that will live on and on and on, when planets go out like sparks from the blacksmith's anvil. God sees in you something worth saving. A little while ago the world looked upon an old drunken sailor, and that is all the world saw. A drunken sailor, and God looked at him and saw something else, and saved him, and his name was John Newton, the theologian and poet. A little while ago the world looked upon a swearing tinker, and he said of himself that when he began to swear his companions shuddered. A swearing tinker, and God looked at him and saved him, and his name was John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer. It takes love to see that.

TWO CONTINENTS ROCKED TOWARD GOD BY DWIGHT L. MOODY.

"A little while ago there was a young man in Chicago helping in a shoe store selling shoes and boots. A man who never was able to read much more than a Bible and never could write a letter with any ordinary school boy of 16, and when the Lord took the trouble to save him, and the church he offered himself to saw so little in him that they made him stand aside for a year before they would accept him, and his name was D. L. Moody, and Moody put one hand on America and the other on Great Britain and two continents rocked toward God. It takes love to see these things. A little while ago a young man in the City of Gloucestor, England, was helping his brother to sell wine and beer and spirits, and God looked at him and saved him, and his name was George Whitfield, the mighty preacher. It takes God to see an angel in the marble before the mallet and the chisel have touched it; it takes affinity of the eternities to see a picture on the canvas before the brush has touched it; it takes God to see the best in the world and He does—He does.

CHRIST'S VISIT TO THE GYPSY TENT.

"A little while ago He looked upon an old gypsy tent where there was no Bible, but there was a father and five little motherless children, without hope and without God. Nobody cared. Who cared for a gypsy man and his motherless children? Yet they were all hungry for love and sympathy which did not come to

them. Church ministers and church people passed by that old tent and saw nobody but nomads, despised and misrepresented and hated. But Jesus looked into that smoky tent, and sometimes I have thought I heard him say: 'There are six brothers in there; the world does not know it, the churches are ignorant of it, but I will make them preachers and the world shall hear,' and He put His arms round them, and this is one of them. It takes love to see. Oh, Zaccheus, Jesus saw more in you than anybody else. Poor lost soul! Because He loves you Jesus sees more in you than anybody else, and He would give that spark a chance. Don't you thwart Him to-night. He comes, He comes with heaven's benediction. He comes with an open door for you. He comes with all the power of the God head for you. Don't thwart Him. Let Him save you. Let Him do His best. God help you!

A STRONG PLEA TO FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

"Listen! Zaccheus took Jesus home with him. That meant something for everybody in the home—wife, child. Aye, my brother, that is how it works. Salvation came to this house. It means everybody when you get right—everybody in the home. Listen! Do you live in a house where they never pray? Where you never pray? What chance will your children have? God save any child from the blight of a home where they never pray. Let salvation come to the house.

Brother! Father! Take Jesus home with you to-night. Mother! Take Jesus home. Zaccheus did. You may. You will give God and the angels a chance with your child and your wife, your husband, when you take Jesus home. I stand where I do to-night

because my father gave me a chance when he brought Christ home to that gypsy tent.

"Fathers, mothers, brothers, open your door to Jesus. Take Him with you. Take Him home, and listen! Begin by saying, 'Lord Jesus, come into my heart; make it Thy home.' Let us pray."

HAVE YOU TOUCHED JESUS?

Come in faith to my Saviour;
Come, prove Him this hour;
How tender His mercy,
How boundless His power!

This was the message—the invitation—that fell upon the ears of the great throng that filled the venerable auditorium of Plymouth Church. The beautiful, strong words rang out upon the air in dulcet tones as Gipsy Smith and his daughter—a tall, dark, frail girl with a full mellow contralto voice, rendered a duet upon the rostrum of the old meeting house.

It needs but a look from the heart
To Him who himself freely gave;
Now lift up your eyes
Unto Calvary's cross
And find Him still mighty to save!

That is the second stanza of the beautiful song and, like the first, it was followed by the pressing invitation to "Come in faith to my Saviour."

Fully 150 accepted the invitation. At the conclusion of his earnest appeal for souls, Gipsy Smith asked any and all those who desired to seek regeneration to acknowledge it by rising. He framed his invitation in various ways so as to include every possible person

who might be seeking solace in religion, and as a consequence 150 rose in their places to acknowledge a need of Divine aid, amid a sea of heads bowed in prayer. All of these were then asked to repair to the lecture room in the rear of the main auditorium, where an after-meeting was held especially for them, and where they personally met the great evangelist.

The old church was crowded to the doors long before Chorister Jacobs rose to announce the opening hymn—"There Shall Be Showers of Blessing." When Gipsy Smith ascended the platform and looked into the rear of the room, he noticed scores of people standing, unable to find places to sit. He interrupted the singing of the song to find room in the pews for them.

"I see too much timber between you people who are sitting. Won't you please push in toward the center of the seats so that the ushers may find room for those that are standing," said the evangelist. "My heart always goes out in sympathy to those who are compelled to stand. I know what it is, for I have to stand all the time."

Gipsy Smith chose for his text the 30th and 31st verses of the 5th chapter of St. Mark: "And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned him about in the press and said, Who touched my clothes? And His disciples said unto Him, Thou seest the multitude thronging Thee, and sayest Thou, who touched me?"

These verses formed the keynote of the Scripture lesson that the evangelist read earlier during the services. It was the story of a woman who had an issue of blood for twelve years and had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse—of

the woman, who having heard of Jesus came in the press behind, and touched His garment, for she had said, "If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole."

It was an eloquent plea that Gipsy Smith made in behalf of the religion of Jesus and the climax of it was reached when he exclaimed dramatically, "In the name of God I demand an answer! Have you touched Him?" His right arm was raised aloft as he uttered the opening words of this tremendous appeal but it quickly came to a horizontal position as he uttered the personal question, 'Have you touched Him?' His index finger pointed dramatically to all parts of the house as if trying to discover some one to whom he could make the question even more personal.

The full text of the sermon was as follows:

"You will find the text in the chapter we read from for our lesson, St. Mark's Gospel v, 30: 'And Jesus turned about in the crowd and said, Who touched my garment? And His disciples said, Thou knowest the multitude throngeth Thee, and sayest Thou, who touched me? Jesus said, Who touched me? The disciples said, 'The multitude is thronging Thee.' If I can only be successful in helping you to see that your need, your real need, is Jesus, this service will be unlike any other service you ever attended in your life. That may sound commonplace, but O, if it only grips you! You sang just now in the opening hymn:

None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.

"That is the gospel I have to preach to-night. The woman's cure is your own, and there is no other, and the last cure that most people are prepared to try is

the cure. The last remedy for sin-sick souls, for burdened hearts and lives that we are prepared to try is God's remedy. Human nature likes a method of its own, a remedy of its own, a plan of its own. And so it suffers many things and is nothing better but rather grows worse. The last remedy we try is the last remedy. And there are men and women in this house at this moment who know what I am talking about. Although you tried all sorts of things to soothe your conscience, to quiet your affairs, to silence the voice of God in the soul, to allay hunger, infinite hunger, you have gone here and there and everywhere in the hope of getting some sort of soothing, some kind of healing, and if it were only a false peace you have been in search for it, and were prepared to accept it. Any quack, religious quack, any nostrum, any opiate of sin, any man-made scheme, you have been ready for and tried. And you know that is true. Why, there has not been a preacher come to Brooklyn for the last twenty years but some of you boast you have heard him. You have spent your time in hunting up new preachers. All the religion you have had was in the soles of your boot. You are a religious tramp. Preachers cannot help you, churches cannot save you; services are all right, but they are not the medicine you need. You need God—God, Jesus, Jesus, Calvary, the Holy Spirit, and only God holds what you need; and if you will only get your eyes upon that fact we shall get somewhere to-night. Listen, it is not Gipsy Smith you know; it is not a thousand like him; it is not the services; it is not the words, though they may be musical, harmonious, rhythmic, beautiful, fascinating, brilliant from the lips of your own men, artistic, poetic, sublime, elevating, as fresh as though they had dropped from the eternal hills of God. This cannot save you, and this book (the Bible) cannot, for 'the letter killeth, it is the Spirit that giveth life.' It is God we want, not the creature; the Christ, not the apostles—Jesus, none but Jesus. What a lot of misery this woman would have saved herself if she could have seen Jesus the first hour of the day, and the first year. Twelve years with a shame-faced disease! What she would have saved herself if she could have gone to Christ when the disease was first recognized and discovered.

THE WRONG WAY TO SEEK SALVATION.

"My brother, my sister, what we all need in this house is Jesus—Jesus—the great, weary, throbbing heart of your city needs Jesus. I preached at Ocean Grove on one of my trips, at your camp meeting, to 8,000 or 10,000 people. At the close of the afternoon service, when we reached the cottage where I was a guest, a lady and her husband sat on the veranda. When I got to the steps she rose and said: 'I am waiting to see you. I want to talk with you. I am a seeking sinner. I have been seeking Christ for ten years.' 'Well,' I said, 'there is something wrong. It does not take a seeking sinner and a seeking Saviour ten years to find one another. There is something wrong. She replied: 'I have traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I have been in every city of any size in the Union, and have heard the best preachers that America has raised and followed the best evangelists from city to city. I have spent a fortune attending revival meetings, with the hope of finding what I want. I have read books, but I have not been able to find what I have heard you preach and I made up my mind that

I would have a talk with you.' I said: 'You have made a mistake. Go straight to Jesus. Go to your room. Turn the key in the door and stay there and never look into another human face, and never seek another service, and never read another book, never hear another sermon.' 'Do you know,' said the lady, 'what you are telling me?' 'Yes, shut that all off. We can only aggravate, we cannot help you. It is not us you want. What you want is an interview with Jesus, and you are looking for men and words and "isms." It is Christ you want, woman, and five minutes interview with the Son of God will end all your misery. It is Jesus you want.'

"None but Jesus. He succeeds on the heels of everybody's failure. There were doctors in those days who would not heal the woman if they could. If they had only diagnosed their case, but it was beyond them. They did not understand it. It was beyond their skill, and your case, my brother, and your case, my sister, is too deep for us. Our fingers are not long enough. We cannot reach the spot any more than we can lift this planet on our shoulders, or paint the rosebud, or swing the rainbow in the heavens, or trill the lark's song, or give perfume to the blossom. No, we cannot, but we know One who can. He is able, He is willing. When you commit yourself to Him it will be done. It is Jesus you need.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THRONGING AND TOUCHING JESUS.

"Please note another thing: There is a tremendous difference between—listen—thronging Jesus and touching Jesus. There were 600,000 men left Egypt for the Promised Land and only two men reached it, Joshua and Caleb. The others were 'throngers.' These touched Him and the throngers left their bones in the wilderness. There were many people around the Pool of Bethesda, but it was the ones who stepped in first who were healed. The others were throngers. Here is a multitude of people crowding Jesus, elbowing Jesus, impeding Jesus, jostling Jesus, criticising, speculating about Jesus, hindering Jesus—sightseers. They thronged Him, but when the woman touched Him it made all the difference. It is not association that saves. Listen! It is contact—contact. Have you touched Him? You thronged Him. You have been doing that all your life, some of you. On Sunday—you do manage to go to church on Sunday. You throng Him at communion. You throng Him at entertainments and socials—if Jesus goes there. You throng Him at church fairs and the like—if Christ is present. You throng Him at special things in connection with Church life. Demonstration you are great at. You throng Him at evangelistic services and revival meetings. Man, woman, in God's name I demand an answer—Have you touched Him? Thronging saves nobody; it is touching that brings the healing and the peace. Have you touched Him? Have you touched Jesus? Have you come in contact with Jesus? I am not asking what church you are a member of. That does not count until this takes place. You might as well join an educational club or a political club. I can write your name down on a piece of paper, but it takes the Holy Ghost to write it down in the Lamb's Book. I can make you a club, but it takes the Holy Ghost to make you a child of God. I can put the cup of what you call communion to your lips, but it may be blasphemy. You must take the cup of salvation and call

upon the name of the Lord. I can put you in office in the church or make you the head of a Sunday school class, but it takes another power to root and ground you in the love of Christ. Have you touched Him? Have you got into living contact with Jesus Christ, saving regenerating contact, transforming contact, satisfying contact? Have you come into contact with Christ? Oh, the victory of it! Oh, the joy of it! Oh, the delight of it when you get it! I am not asking you what school you have gone through. Have you gone through this experience? 'Oh,' you say, 'I have read the Bible from Genesis to Revelation——' Has it gone through you? Because it will make all the difference. I know —I know you are familiar with a good deal, but what will it all amount to if you do not know this? You are acquainted with science. You can take the telescope and scan the heavens and fit the planets and name them all, and never see the Star of Bethlehem. Suppose you do understand botany and never inhaled the perfume of the Rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley? Suppose you can take the geologist's hammer and go down into the mighty deep and tell us the secrets of the dark depths below and never strike the Rock of ages?

"WHAT DOTH IT PROFIT A MAN IF HE GAIN THE WORLD?"

"Suppose you can look at the newspaper in the morning and run up the many columns of the money market and tell us of the world's finances at a glance and never reckon that sum, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' What about it? It is contact with Jesus that puts you in harmony with this world. It is contact

with Jesus that makes you ready to live and die and to go on when eternal ages are on the tramp. I have not had the hands of a bishop on my head or the Presbytery's, but I felt the hand that was crucified. I do know this, that 'Whereas I was blind, now I see,' blessed be God! Have you touched Him? What do you say, 'You are not quite sure?' You will be when you have touched Him. You cannot touch Him without knowing it. The story proves it. I do not believe in the religion, and the Bible does not believe in it, and certainly the New Testament does not teach it, that you can be a Christian without knowing it. The great fundamental force in the New Testament is 'We know,' and Jesus said, 'The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins.'

"Listen! The woman came. She began in the crowd and she said as she came along, beneath her breath, limping and lame and stooping and worn out, hardly able to hold herself together, and yet she had faith. She did not say, 'It is no good if I try. I have tried very often.' She came and said, 'If I can only touch Him. If I can only get near enough to touch His garment I shall be whole.' As much as to say, 'There is power enough in the fringe of His coat to save an old woman. If I can only get there it will be all right.' And the moment she touched she felt—what? That she was whole and Jesus 'knowing in Himself that power had gone out of Him.' What does that teach? This: 'His spirit answers to my spirit' and 'tells me I am born of God.' Have you touched Him? If you are not sure it is because you have never touched Him. Just as sure as you do you will know. She began in the crowd. Listen! and she got behind and touched Him.

MUST CONFESS TO BE SAVED.

"There is no smuggling with Jesus Christ, you must confess. That is one of the difficulties. She touched Him from behind and was made whole, and as He turned round she told Him the story of her suffering, and He made her a member of the church without putting her on probation. 'Daughter,' He says, 'daughter, your faith—not your fingers—has saved you.' The touch of faith will bring victory, Lord, help us to keep near Thee. Brother, sister, don't be hindered in getting to Christ. She had far more to keep her back than anybody here has, and you can get at Him to-night if you will. If you will come in contact with Jesus there is healing and life. Some one says: 'You do not know my case, it is so aggravated.' This woman had suffered twelve years. You say, 'I have been longer than that.' Well, here is a man who was over forty years and the Lord healed him, body and soul. Can you beat that? 'Yes, I am sixty, seventy years and I have no Christ. My life is misspent. Everything is against me.' Listen, listen. Can you beat this? I had a great uncle who lived in his gypsy tent and he died when he was one hundred and one and he came to Christ when he was ninety-nine. And Jesus saved him. If Jesus could save an old sinner of ninety-nine, He will save you. Give Him a chance. Get ahead of the difficulty and say, 'Lord Jesus, I surrender all and I will trust Thee as my Saviour,' and you will touch Him right through.

WHOSOEVER WILL LET HIM COME.

During the first week of Gipsy Smith's mission in Brooklyn he devoted six days, speaking at two meetings each day, to his work, and the results were great. He won the hearts of many for his Saviour who a short time ago were classed among the unregenerate, but his great work during the past week has been among the professors of religion—and the clergy.

Gipsy Smith has jarred more than one Brooklyn clergyman out of a calm of self-satisfaction. He has pierced more than one shell of self-complacency. He has awakened more than one ordained preacher to a realization of the fact that there is more in Christianity than he ever before realized.

He has, too, awakened, aroused, inspired scores, of professors of Christianity, men and women who, prior to last Sunday, believed that because of living lives that were within the law and attending religious services once or twice a week they were on the sure road to heaven. He has jarred lots of conceit out of such as these, and he has transformed many such from "nominal" into real Christians. He explained at one of his meetings that the word "nominal" meant "false, pretended," when used as an adjective, and he has brought many out of that state into activity—Christian activity.

He accepted conditions as he found them, and he found the conditions mentioned. Had he, however,

planned his campaign in this regard without the slightest knowledge of conditions in Brooklyn, he could hardly have planned a stronger campaign, and the clergy of the city are looking forward to the outcome of next week with great confidence and with expectation of wonderful things.

An evangelistic campaign may be a great apparent success, but it amounts to little unless strongly followed up by the churches. Gipsy Smith has roused church people, from pastors to occupants of rearmost pews, from their lethargy, and has brought them to a state where they are not alone willing, but eager, to help in the work, and what he does during this second and last week of his mission here will be backed by the prayers and the words of thousands of men and women who have been strengthened by attendance upon his meetings during the past week.

The fact has been forced upon his hearers that Gipsy Smith preaches no easy method of salvation, and that fact has already been noted in the columns of the "Eagle." He says his own religion hasn't been an easy thing. At one meeting, as those who have read the verbatim reports of his sermons that the "Eagle" has published will recall, he told of an incident which occurred in England, where an elderly clergyman said to him, in substance, "I suppose you devote a little time each night before you retire to squaring yourself with God?"

"No," was Gipsy's reply, "I don't dare! I don't dare wait until night; if I did I'd be lost. I have to get on my knees before God time and time again during each day, to ask His forgiveness and His help. I daren't wait until night."

THE KIND OF PREACHING THAT LEADS TO RESULTS.

That's the kind of religion Gipsy Smith has and that's the kind of religion he offers his hearers. Yesterday noon, speaking from the text, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," he said that rest wasn't the thing to be sought. "That isn't what you seek," he said. "'Come unto Me' is the command, 'and I will give you rest' is the promise. Seek to come unto Him, which means an absolute surrender, and then He will give you rest."

So he preaches to his audiences, and that sort of preaching, his hearers believe, is much more likely to be attended by results than the other sort, far more common, which offers salvation free, with little or no effort, and a rosy road to Heaven. As one man has expressed it, "When a man can slip in easily he's likely to slip out as easily, but when he has to fight like a Trojan to get in he's likely to value the entrance that he's gained and hang fast to it with all his might."

Were Gipsy Smith to leave Brooklyn now he would leave a mighty impress on the borough. When he has accomplished his work of endeavor he will have made an impress that it is hard to forecast. If the men and women of Brooklyn who profess Christianity give to Gipsy Smith the support that he has earned from them by his devotion to his task there need be no limit to the good accomplished by his mission in Brooklyn.

The preceding meeting was a fitting conclusion of the week's work. The service began long before 8 o'clock, the scheduled hour, because Old Plymouth was crowded to its doors long before that hour. The

audience within the church was as great as that of Sunday night, which means that every available bit of room was made to do service. Some were turned away last night, not the 2,000 of Sunday night, but many, and pews on the main floor, designated to seat eight people, in scores of cases provided room for nine, some of them for ten.

In the church, particularly in the galleries, were hundreds of men, most of them young men, and in the lower gallery there were great blocks or sections of them.

The gypsy took his text from Revelations, from the story of the wonderful Tree of Life, the chapter containing at its very end those words, "Let him who will take the water of life freely."

There were many requests for prayer in the gypsy's hand when he entered the church and there were more there awaiting him. He prayed eloquently for those who had so appealed to him.

Again he preached eloquently, again he found hearts responsive to his words, and again the lecture rooms were crowded after the regular service, by men and women, young and old, whose souls had responded to the gypsy's words and who sought salvation.

THE SERMON AT PLYMOUTH.

At Plymouth Church the gypsy spoke as follows:

"I want to read two or three verses especially to those who have written me during this week expressing a desire to know Christ. They say that their desire is all right but—but they have difficulties. They are not like other people; it is hard for them to get deliverance; they think it is almost impossible and

some say they have given up the struggle and have lost heart and hope. Now, listen to these words, just listen: 'And the spirit and the bride say, come; and he that heareth, let him come; and he that is athirst, let him come; and whosoever will, let him come.' This is the sixteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of the Book of Revelation: 'Whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.' Now, let me say these things as briefly as I can. First, it is libel on God for any one of you to say, 'I cannot be a Christian,' and I won't hear my Lord libeled without a protest. It is not true. You can be a Christian if you will. I don't care how badly you were born and bred. I do not care what kind of a start you had, how tainted your blood, or if you had parents of the most degraded kind. I do not care if you were made drunk in your mother's milk, and if you go to your nurses who have charge of child hospitals they will tell you that children of four, five, six or seven will push nourishing food from them and ask for beer and whiskey, and know the difference between beer and whisky and milk. If you were born that way, and bred up that way, and cursed that way and seem to be in as hopeless a case that I say you are not responsible for what your mother and your father did: you are only responsible for what you do, and if you will—listen! You may be a Christian.

WOULD BURN DOWN ALL DISTILLERIES.

"I was talking to a man some time ago in our country, whom I met on a railway station one night as I was returning from a preaching engagement, and I began preaching the gospel to this poor man with my

rug around me, and I could smell the whisky he was saturated with. He was a commercial traveler, and the poor fellow wept as he said it was no good talking to him. 'My mother died drunk,' he said; 'my father died drunk and I was made drunk before I could walk just to see what a drunken baby was like.' I tell you what I would do if I had my way: I would set fire to every distillery in the universe. (Cries of 'Amen,' 'Yes, Yes.') He went on: 'I was born with it in my blood; I was born with the devil in me,' I said: 'You can be born again, and this time with the devil out.'

"You must not tell me you can't be a Christian. You are not held responsible, because you are a sinner you are not held responsible—that is not the word, this is the word I want: You won't be damned because you are a sinner. You won't be shut out of heaven because you are a sinner. If you are shut out it will be because you are fool enough to refuse God's remedy —that's the point of controversy; 'Light has come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light.' Don't tell me, because it is not just to God, it is not true to say, 'I want to be a Christian and cannot.' That is as much as saying 'God is making demands on me that I cannot fulfill; that He knows are to us an impossibility; and if He were doing that, He would be a monster instead of a Father. And I will not hear my Lord libeled. No, that is not the reason; it is not a question of 'cannot.'

"And then somebody else said in a letter I got, 'I should be all right if I had a little more light.' No, that is not true. You have light enough to save all Brooklyn, and all New York, and all America and the whole round world, enough to save a planet if you only obey it. You are not tied for want of light; you

are tied for want of honesty. It is not honest to throw the difficulty back to God by saying: 'If you would only give me a little more light I would be a Christian.' You know it is true. If you were honest with yourself you would say: 'It is because I have got something in my heart that I am not willing to surrender.' It is only a pretext to say, 'I want more light.' There is something which you are hanging on to which God hates, and which is your course, and you know it. And somebody else said, this morning: 'Oh, if you only knew my doubts. I have not faith enough.' Now, listen! it is God who commands you to believe. Jesus is surprised at your want of faith and wonders how it is that you cannot believe, and the Holy Ghost is given to inspire your faith, and all the victories of the Church of God down through the centuries ought to help you believe, and you have got the capacity for faith just as much as I have and I can prove it. You have faith in that seat. If you have not get up and let one of these friends standing up here have it. They will have faith in it. It is not true to say you have no faith. No, thrust down into your heart and get hold of your doubts and drag them up by the roots and you will find that the roots are sins that you have been hanging on to and are willing to give up. That is the basis of the whole mischief and not want of faith, it is want of obedience. Now, listen! While that text is written and flung out with all the pathos and beauty of Calvary and all the glory of God's salvation, and God is behind it, you must not tell me that it is not your fault that you are not a Christian: 'Whosoever will, let him.' If you are in the slough of despond it is because you are contended to stay there. If you are a bad man it is because you are contented

to stay a bad man. If your breath is not as lovely as the air of a spring morning or the perfume of the roses in June, or as fresh as primroses in April, or as the dewdrop, it is because you are content to let the devil crush you and a sin to spoil you and a world to damn you. You are contented. If you had the soul to assert your manhood and stiffened your back, there is no power in earth or hell that could keep you from Jesus Christ. 'Whosoever will.'

SALVATION DEPENDS UPON THE WILL.

"My brother, I am afraid we have emphasized the word 'whosoever' without emphasizing the word 'will' because salvation depends on the will. Repentance, as I tried to show on Monday night, is an act of the will and not of the emotions. It is not sentiment; it is not sanctimoniousness; it is not a kind of humbug; it is the moral awakening—a turning round from wrong and facing right and saying, 'I will do it. God helping me,' or 'I will die in the struggle. Whosoever will, let him come.' No, if sin beats you, you are a party to it. If drink enslaves you, it is because you are contented for it to be so. If passion holds you in its grip, and unmans and robs you of purity and strength; if you are crippled and paralyzed by sin, you consent every time. No man sins until he consents. Do you know what the devil said to Jesus, and he had to make the same appeal to Jesus as to you? 'Cast thyself down.' Why did he say that? Because he knew he could not cast Him down, and the devil has to say that to every man, and every man who sins casts himself down. And if you are not a happy, useful Christian man at this moment, walking with measured step

in the light with God, your life made beautiful as the rising moon or the sun-kissed heights of the Alps, then it is because you love darkness and sin. You love the impure and the worldly and the sinful.

"I want you to see that it rests with yourself, and Jesus is asking the same of you, and He has been asking it for a long time, and if your ears had been open and your eyes a little clear and you only went near enough to the river that makes glad the city of God, and washed the meanness and dust out of your eyes, you would have seen Him ere this and you would heave heard His sweet voice saying, 'How oft would I have gathered thy children together as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, but—but ye would not. Ye will not come unto me—ye will not—that ye might have life' and when a man wills he gets there. David got there, the prodigal got there, the poor blundering Peter got there and I believe—listen, I believe if Judas—if Judas had come back, he might have got there, too. Remember this, there was not much difference between Judas and Peter up to a point. During the same night the same hand and the same towel and the same water were used for both of them, Jesus, who washed the feet of Judas, if he had come back, would, I believe, have washed his heart. But he did not come back, he would not. And if a man is not washed it is because he prefers to be dirty. Whosoever will may be clean. Don't you blame my Lord; don't you blame my Master; don't you blame the blessed Holy Spirit; don't you blame God's ministers; don't you blame the church; don't you blame the Father, who loves you; if you are not a good man or a good woman, it is because you are content to be a bad man. I think I am putting the case properly,

because God has made such ample provision that the worst, the vilest, the furthest off, the lowest, down, may come to Him; and there is no reason why every man and woman in this city should not go away from this place under the smile of God, and there is every reason why you should. Don't try to say anything to the contrary; don't whisper an excusing sentence, or any opiate, if my words have got your heart for a moment or aroused your conscience. Let me say again that the conscience may lose its guilt and stain and love of sin and the awful memory of the past, at the foot of the cross this night, if you will surrender, if you will submit, if you will meet the conditions—if you will you may. If you won't, God Almighty cannot help the catastrophe. He cannot save you against your will. Oh, I pray you, I beseech you, let this be the night when angels—listen! from the battlements of the skies hear the breaking of your chains, the snapping of your fetters, and let the angels shout for joy as they see you marching out of the prison house of your sin into the liberty of the people of God. Let it be now.

SALVATION FOR THE VILEST WHO WILL.

"Did you say you are a long way off? You can come home if you will. Do you say your friends have given you up? You can go home if you will; God is not against you. I do not care how aggravating your case may be; I do not care how vile your life has become. Love only waits to forgive and forget. Oh, that every heart in this house would say, like the prodigal, 'I will'—and mark how prominently Jesus will put the word in that lovely romance of grace, 'I

will arise and go to my father.' 'I will.' Your heaven depends upon that 'will,' and when a man will no power can stop him.

THE GREAT REVIVALS IN ENGLAND.

"I think at this moment of a poor fellow I got hold of at midnight in England. I started the church, under God, to do mission work under exceptional circumstances, and it is something to be original in Christian work. I set them working at midnight. When my friend, Dr. Dawson, was here in Brooklyn, he told you something about that work. I got hold of all sorts of sinners, swell sinners and ragged sinners, and I have seen as many as 2,000, more or less, people standing drunk in one service and any one of them would sing me a solo or make a speech, sometimes a dozen at once being on their feet, but they were just the sort I wanted to deal with. If you want to prove your gospel you must bring it down to the cases which seem absolutely hopeless to the human mind. One night a swell came in fresh from a dinner with an eyeglass—a window thing—in his eye (laughter), in evening dress and silk hat in his hand. 'Why,' said he, 'these are not sinners, Mr. Smith, they are so well dressed.' I said, 'My dear sir, some of the biggest sinners we have ever known were dressed as well as you.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'thank you.' On another occasion I was attracted to a poor fellow, down whose face the tears were falling. I saw him wipe his tears away with the ragged end of his coat tail, for sin had not left him a pocket handkerchief. The devil had stripped him of all that is worth having. By and by I got hold of him and put my arm around him. He said,

'Don't speak to me, I am not fit to speak to. Pass on and speak to somebody else.' I told him that Jesus loved him and so did I. I prayed with him for two hours. I said all I could think of, then began to sing:

There for me my Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands
God is love—I know—I feel—

"He was singing with me. He knew the hymn and we said the last line together.

Jesus lives and loves me still.

"I then learned that he was the son of a missionary I had known, but he had deserted his wife and little baby and broken his mother's heart. They had not heard from him for years. Well, I took him home to my house and put him to bed. He told me his mother's address and I wrote her that I had found her lost boy. She sent me a telegram at once and then a letter full of gratitude. Alec found his mother and father and wife and little baby and afterward a magnificent position, because he found Christ."

WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH THAT SHALL HE ALSO REAP.

Refreshed, strengthened, himself revived by the Saturday devoted in its entirety to physical rest, Gipsy Smith opened the second and final week of his evangelistic campaign in Brooklyn. Long before the hour set for the meeting in the Majestic Theater the sidewalk in front of the playhouse was thronged, and when the Gipsy stepped on the platform he faced the greatest audience of his mission.

More people crowded into the theater than it accommodated that Sunday, and nearly as many were turned away. And that despite the driving storm that was out of doors. Such leaven as Gipsy Smith planted the week before was not nullified in its effect by a mere outbreak of the elements.

The Sunday before Gipsy Smith found his text in the words "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God," and the picture that he drew was one that touched and thrilled the hearts of his hearers; one that brought them, melted by Jesus' love to the penitent seat.

That Sunday he found his text in the words, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life

everlasting," and the picture that he drew was one that shivered and chilled the hearts of his hearers; one that brought them, in fear of the inevitable reckoning, to the feet of the God of Mercy and Love, yet of Justice.

"Whatsoever you sow," he thundered, "that shall you reap! You cannot evade the reaping, you cannot avoid it! What you do to-day will have its effect on your life to-morrow; what you did yesterday is having its effect on your life to-day."

He painted word pictures of results; clearly limned portraits of inevitable consequences of sin's various forms, and he frightened scores into salvation. In ringing, thrilling, convicting words he sounded his warning against damnation and hell to come.

"Do you think you can keep such company as you were in last night and have pure thoughts?" he exclaimed, his extended arm transfixed and his finger pointing steadily, as though at some individual soul whose inmost thonghts he was reading. "Listen! I'd rather be dumb, men, than have speech to curse and swear and tell vile stories! No!" with his hand uplifted, as there came applause from his auditors, "I'm not after your hands, men! I'm after your hearts, and God help me to win them for Christ!"

THE SERMON AT THE MAJESTIC THEATER.

Gipsy Smith said:

"In the Epistle to the Galatians and in the verses which were read to you for the lesson, in the seventh verse, you have these words, 'Be not deceived, God is not mocked: for, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.' 'Be not deceived.' It is time that every man shall prepare to face facts and to know—at any rate, whether it be unpleasant knowledge or not, he ought to be prepared to know this one fact: That God sees and knows him through and through; the worst and the best about us; and that there is nothing hid from the Judge and Father of the earth. Do not be deluded. Do not live in a fool's paradise. As to your character, as to your private life and public life, as to your motives and desires, as to what you have been, and what you are to-day, and what you propose to be, do not be deceived. 'God is not mocked.' God is no fool. You may fool one another, you may fool your neighbor, you may fool certain members of your family, you may fool your master, you may fool your employees, but you can not fool God. There is an old-fashioned saying, but where these things are concerned, that old saying is not true: 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' There is danger in not knowing where life and death are concerned, where time and eternity are concerned; where heaven and hell are concerned, there is no danger. There is the utmost folly in not knowing and in not facing things as they are. Your own great Lincoln once said, 'You can fool all the people some of the time; you can fool some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all the people all of the time,' and my brother, you cannot deceive God for a moment. God refuses to be bribed, God's eye can not be closed. He knows, it may not be pleasant to think and to feel, and to awaken to the fact that God knows me at my worst, but it is true. That kind of truth may not be pleasant to hear, but you must hear it while I am God's ser-

vant and have power of speech. 'Be not deceived.' God is not fooled, for, 'Whatsoever a man soweth'—listen! 'Whatsoever a man soweth,' whatsoever, that, and the word 'that' is as big as the 'whatsoever,' and a little bigger, if you have imagination, for harvests are generally more abundant than the seed—'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap.' I may not reap it, he must reap it, for every man must bear his own burden and responsibility of his own sin—what he sows, that he must reap. You do not gather grapes of thorns; you do not gather figs of thistles; you do not come forth and scatter barley and expect wheat; you do not go forth and scatter turnip seed and expect a crop of rye. You look for kind; the same kind of any crop that you scatter in your hand from the seed box. You talk to your boys, you tell them that if they are studious, for that is the only way to get on, to be industrious and honest and work, and the father gives that kind of advice to the boys. You know that is true in the natural world—you see it in ten thousand ways, and the Apostle appeals to this fundamental and mighty truth and says, 'What happens in the natural happens in the spiritual,' and what you do to-day and what I do to-day will affect us to-morrow. What you did yesterday is affecting you to-day, and what I did yesterday is affecting me to-day is one of the laws of life, and though I slept last night that law is not changed, and if you will sleep to-night, it will not change the great, mighty unalterable law.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

"What you do to-day will affect you to-morrow, and if God ceased to be that law would go on. You will

reap as you sowed. We sing sometimes 'What shall the harvest be?' Do you want to know what the reward will be when the judgment comes? Then look at what you are, settle what you are and know what you are doing. Pause and think: 'What am I? What am I doing? For what am I living? How do I stand in relation to this great Book, this revealed will of God? What am I doing with God and the precious life He has given me?' My dear brother, you have yet to settle the question what your harvest will be. Don't be deceived. This affects you and those about you; for every man lives, not unto himself, but he is living and affecting all those he touches. We are living not to ourselves; we are scattering seed that will bring forward the harvest that will be God-honoring, heaven-building, Christ-crowning, or it will be a harvest of tangled thickets and poisoning weeds that we shall have to gather with bleeding hands and torn feet, for many a man in this house will have an acreage of tangled thickets because of his own stupid, wicked, blundering folly. And it will be no use to look over the field and say, when it is too late, 'O God, I never meant all this.' No, probably you didn't, but that is your work and you will have to go and gather it. You will reap what you have sowed.

"Take your speech; how can you expect to think purely and to talk pure language, pure words, music pulsating in your speech? How can you expect to think noble thoughts, good thoughts, lofty thoughts, Godly thoughts, and work them out into words that will work in the hearts of our people when you read nothing but divorce news and you glory in telling smutty tales and are never so happy as when you are listening to a lewd story? How can you expect to

speak purely when your thoughts are vile enough to make people think that you have been to hell for your education and had the devil for your schoolmaster? How do you expect little children to use pure speech when they hear oaths and curses from your lips and scarcely anything else? You are sowing evil seed, my brother, and do not forget it. I would rather be dumb than to have the power of speech to curse and swear and tell vile stories. (Applause.) I am not after your hands, men, I am after your hearts. God help me to win your hearts. I want your consciences, and your hearts. God help me to win both. That is the burden on my soul to-day to win you back from the sowing of wild oats to the sowing of eternal life. That is my one wish and I take no stock in your applause if it does not crystallize into the spirit of Jesus Christ. How do you expect your children to grow up pure and sober if you teach them to drink? If God were to lift a curtain twenty years from to-day and make you look under the curtain, you would see a prison cell, some of you, and would see a poor, dejected-looking young criminal and would scarcely know him. You would be horrified at the sight. Vile of lip, bloody of cheek, sunken of eye and object of viciousness, and if you were to say, 'O God, who is that?' God might say, 'That is the boy you sent for your dinner beer on Sunday.' You will reap what you sow.

A CHILD WITH MURDER IN HIS HEART.

"Listen! On the other side of the ocean, just before I left home last September, a mother suddenly came into a room, where there was a little boy 6 or 7 years old, and found that little boy trying to kill a baby 2

years old with the scissors, and she said to the child, 'What are you doing?' and he said, 'I want to kill him.' It frightened the mother and she talked to the father about it, and the father took him to a doctor, and he took him to a specialist, and that specialist was my friend. He examined the child thoroughly and said to him, 'Why do you want to kill the baby; it does not hurt you?' And the boy replied, 'I want to kill somebody all the time.' And the doctor turned to the father and said, 'Are you a drinking man?' The father said, 'Well, I do drink, it is true, but I don't often drink to excess.' The doctor replied, 'Well you drink. That boy will kill somebody some day. It is in his blood and your drinking habit is the cause of it.' You reap what you sow. Don't forget it. You are passing on what you are to the next generation, and God Almighty will hold some of you men responsible for bringing into the world assassins, murderers and cutthroats. Don't forget it. What we sow we shall reap. How do you expect to be pure when you keep the company you keep? I would defy an angel from the sky to come down here and keep the company you do regularly and remain pure. How do you expect to keep pure if you live in the gutter and sewer of iniquity? I beseech you listen to the Spirit's voice to-day. Stop your fooling. Stop committing suicide, moral suicide; stop it. You know where you have gone wrong, and from the day you took your first step downward, and you would give your right arm to-day to call back that moment. Some of you know what it has cost you. You never slept for a night or two, and now you can do the same thing with impunity; you have become hard, careless, indifferent. That is one of the effects. That is how the law works. Some of you re-

member when God called you to a life of service and duty and consecration. God wanted you for Himself. You remember what a struggle it was to say no. That was the first step, wasn't it? Yes, but you did say no. You did the same thing more easily the next time, and now you are reaping some of the paralysis of the second death. The way of the transgressor is hard.

TO-DAY THE TIME TO COME TO CHRIST.

"When are you going to stop and give God a chance? If I had time I could tell you many stories; let me give you one case. In the city of Manchester, England, I had a dear friend who lived much for young men of the city. He gave up much of his spare time to working among young men. He was a well-to-do merchant. There are hundreds of young men in that city and all over the world who owe all they are, morally and spiritually to Richard Johnson. He told me this story: He said: 'I sat in my office one morning when the door opened and my son came in and said, "Father there is a policeman here who wants to see you." I said, "Bring him in." The officer came in and said, "Mr. Johnson, there is a young man dying in the prison and he calls for you; can you come?" I went with him to the city jail and there I found all that was left of a young fellow who was the only son of his widowed mother. He had started life with all sorts of resolution to keep straight. He had gone to the city with his mother's prayers behind him, his mother's Bible tucked away in his grip, and for a few weeks or months managed to keep straight. But he was in one of the leading firms of that city and there were a lot of young fellows in the same place who made a wager

that they would get him drunk. I warn you young men, don't you rob a man of his religion or you will have a terrible reckoning. If you want a text on that point here is one: 'It were better for him that a millstone were about his neck and that he were cast into the depths of the sea than that he should offend one of the least of these, My little ones.' At last the young man fell to his temptation. He said to Mr. Johnson, 'They called me a milksop and all the rest, and said that I was tied to my mother's apron strings.' Blessed string that keeps a man to his God! Holy string that tethers a man to the Cross, though it be but a mother's apron string. The young man went on and said, 'For a while I struggled and I never ought to have yielded but one day I went to luncheon with them and took a glass of wine. The rest was easy. I soon got to drinking heavily. I gambled and got into trouble and into debt. I must have been insane, but one day—God knows why when I had been taught so differently—I signed my master's name, and here I am, dying, and I want to die. But one thing troubles me, and that is my mother. When she knows that I am in jail, that I am dying in jail, and that I deserve to be in jail, my mother will go mad.' Mr. Johnson said. 'Your mother must know where you are,' but it was some time before the young man would give his address, but when he did Mr. Johnson sent her a telegram and met her at the station. He put her in a cab and when she got out of the cab she looked up at the jail and said, 'O God, why have I been spared to see this? What have I done that I should come to this? Why did I live when he was born? Why didn't I bury him as soon as he was born?' And she would have fallen had she not been supported by Mr. John-

son. He said to her, 'You must be quick if you want to see him before he passes away.' But it was too late. She reached the place where he was lying, but his spirit was gone, and she threw her arms around the lifeless body and kissed it and said, 'O Willie, my Willie! I would to God I had died for thee.' But it was too late. Willie was only reaping his own harvest. Mothers cannot stop it; fathers cannot stop it; God cannot stop it. It is one of the unalterable laws. You are the men that can solve that by beginning to-day to stand beneath the Cross, where there is hope for all."

FOLLOW ME.

A GREAT storm was at its height when the service began in Plymouth Church, but the edifice was well filled.

Gipsy Smith said: "You will find the text in the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, and in the 43d verse: 'Follow Me.' These words are among the first utterances of the Son of God as recorded. They are also found in the last words recorded of the Son of God, and you will find them in the last chapter of this wonderful Gospel, where He says, in reply to Peter's question, 'and what shall this man do?' Jesus said, 'If I will that he tarry until I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou Me.' In the first and the last utterances of Jesus Christ you have these words, and all along through His ministry He was constantly saying to men, 'Follow Me.' It is the one great, clear, personal, pungent command of the Son of God to man. You remember, many of you, when you heard these words for the first time in the secret chamber of your souls; when God spoke to you and said, 'Follow Me.' I do not think there is a soul in this house this morning, but what remembers the moment when those words were heard, and I presume that the majority of us here to-day would call ourselves Christians, nominal Christians; that is to say, we are members of churches we are connected with the visible church of the living God. And if anybody, if I came, for instance, and

looked you in the face, no matter what your life is, but if I knew that life not to be in the strictest sense in harmony with the will of God, and if I were to put the question to you, 'Are you a Christian?' you would possibly look at me and say, 'What do you think I am?' And you might get angry with me for daring to put such a question. And yet there are thousands of people in your city who call themselves by Christ's name and have no right to that title. I want to bring into these words another text, or along side of it, and want to test that, as we go, with another text; and I pray God the Holy Spirit to apply the words as I speak them. Listen: This is the text I want you to test yourselves by, as I do; 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His.' It is not what I call myself, but have I got his Spirit? Are my words, thoughts and actions controlled, dominated by the spirit of Jesus? Because I have no right to call myself a follower of Christ unless that is so; and if I do call myself a follower of Christ and have not His spirit I am a fraud. I lie, says the Book and the truth is not in me. 'If we say we have fellowship with Him and walk in darkness, we lie and do not tell the truth.' It is Christ in me and you which makes the Christian. And then there are those in this house who sometime wonder if they are following Christ at all and say, 'I wonder if I am a Christian?' Let me try to help you, because, when I was a boy, there was one game we gypsy boys used to play. We could always play it. It was 'follow your leader.' It did not matter where we were, we could always play it, morning, noon, or night, and whatever the leader did the others had to do, or make the attempt, and if they did not they were not playing the game. That may be a rude

illustration, but, if you are not making a whole-hearted, intelligent attempt to follow Jesus you are not playing the game.

WHY CHURCHES ARE SO EMPTY.

"And one of the reasons why our churches are so empty; one of the reasons why it is hard to get men into the churches, is because when they do come, and when they come in contact with the church people they see such a poor caricature of a Christian that they get tired and weary of the whole thing, but in reality they admire Christ. Sometimes we say, in our ignorance, that the people of the world, the men in the street, who do not go to church are tired of religion. They are tired of the religion you show. They are tired of the caricature we produce, but they are not tired of Jesus Christ; and I am prepared to hold a brief for the people who are abused as non-church-goers—what about the non-going church? Don't you see there is another thing to be said about those who do not go to church? And one of the reasons why the outsiders do not go is because they have enough of us six days in the week and they keep clear of us on Sunday. Is there not something to be said on their side? If we were more like the Master should not we be more attractive? if we had the spirit of Jesus Christ would they not be attracted to us? If they discovered in us the same things that were in Him would not they come to us as they did go to Him? I think they would; twice over I think they would. I am prepared to hold a brief for the people outside, for I have discovered no low ideals of godliness in the heart and mind of the man who does not go to church, and very

often one of the reasons that he does not go to church is that he feels that if he goes he is not living up to those ideals; and so, out of deep reverence and respect for the things which he deems to be so holy and great he keeps away. You will find no level with the people who do not go to church. You will find that if he is asked what a Christian ought to be that he will give you a lofty conception of a Christian. The low ideals exist in the pews, in the hearts and minds of those who are not living right, and their ideals are low to excuse themselves and to cover themselves up. The Lord have mercy on us and help us to be really out and out for Christ!

"'Follow me,' says Jesus. Now let us see if we are doing it, and first of all, let me take this text as a test: Jesus says, very early in life, to those closest and dearest to Him, 'Did not you know that I must be about my father's business?' In the earliest moment of His life, first and foremost, God, His Father, was placed first. His will, His interests are honored; His glory comes first. Mother, father, home, earthly ties—everything—stood aside that God might have the preeminence—first, God. And when He got up to begin to preach He said, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' Put God first. Your first business in life is God. Now, how do we stand with that text? You want to know whether you are following Jesus. How do you stand with that great thought? Is God first in your thoughts? Is God first in your life? Is God in your home? Is God first in your business? Is God first in your pleasures? Is God first in your money? Is God first in your affection? Is God first in your words? Are you saying this morning, as soon as you opened your eyes, did you say, 'Oh God, what wouldst Thou

have me to do?' Because that is the duty of the soul that is following Jesus. 'I came not to do My own will,' said Jesus, 'but the will of Him who sent Me. I am not here to seek My own'—for remember even Christ pleased not Himself—'I am here to do Thy will, O my God.' That is the first, predominating passion of the man who is following Jesus. 'If any man hath not the spirit of Christ—in this—he is none of His.' How do you measure up along with the test? Don't dodge it, because if you do you reveal where you are. Do not shirk it. Don't hide in a corner. There is something that needs to come out. He that loveth the truth cometh to the light, is the man of evil that seeks and lives in the darkness; the man who loves Christ comes to the light.

> Come to the light, it is shining for thee,
> Sweetly the light has dawned upon me.
> Once I was blind, but now I can see,
> The light of the world is Jesus.

"Are you following Him along this road, the high road, the royal road of obedience to His will? For that settles everything. God first and all the time.

HOW TO FIND OUT IF YOU ARE FOLLOWING CHRIST.

"Take another test if you want to know if you are following Christ, and this is no simple test, from the life of Jesus, and I say that is the way to find out whether you are following Jesus. Listen! Jesus, and you find these words, or similar words so often in connection with His life and work on earth, 'Jesus withdrew Himself into the wilderness and prayed.' He

withdrew Himself apart from the people and the city, apart from the multitude, away from the Disciples, and He shut himself off from everything on earth and communed with His Father. He loved to pray. Do you? Did you pray this morning? Have you said your prayers to-day? If you did not say them this morning the day will not be what it would have been. You have missed something. Jesus could not get on without prayer. Do you expect to? The life of God in the soul is only sustained as we pray. It can only live in the atmosphere of prayer. If you want rivers you must keep in touch with the hill countries where the springs are; if you want the reservoir of the sky in your soul you must keep the channel open. Are you a praying man? Are you a praying woman? Let me hear you pray once, and after a dozen sentences I will put my finger on the spiritual pulse of your power and I will tell you whether you are accustomed to it. There is an indefinable something about a person who is intimate with God. You may not be able to put it into exact words but you know when it is there and when it is absent; and you can not work it up; you can only get it as you pray it down. Do you love the place of prayer? Jesus did. How often do you come to the week night prayer-meeting? You let me see the week night prayer-meeting of your church and I will tell you what you stand for. Let me see it when you don't expect me. Why, there was a day in the history of the churches of America, when half, or two-thirds of the members would go to week night prayer-meeting. Is not that true? (A voice, "Yes, yes!") And now it is hard work to get a hundred out of a thousand, but it is not difficult to get them to a concert or a social. If it is a prayer-meeting they have got a

cold, they suffer with asthma. If the Mayor invited you to dinner we should hear nothing about the asthma. You would go out that night, and you know that's true. Listen! Do you want to capture the world and crown Emanuel king and deck His brow with precious jewels—lost men and women transformed by the power of God? Then listen: This kind can go forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting. Jesus, the Son of God, could not get on without prayer. If any man have not the spirit of Christ, in this he is none of His.

"Take another test. (Some of you say these two are quite enough. Oh, I have got ever so many more.) Hear me: 'As was His custom, Christ went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day,' and He went twice. But how do you stand with the text? If you are following Him, I have a perfect right to ask this. I am not here to say the things you may like to hear, but the things my Lord has given me in this Book. Listen! How do you stand with this text? 'As was his custom He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath Day.' The Son of God could not afford to keep away from the church when it was open. If some recording angel were going to write your history about the Sabbath, would it not something like this: 'As was her custom, she invited a party on the Sabbath Day and called herself a church member,' or 'As was his custom he went out for an automobile ride on the Sabbath Day and called himself a saint;' or, 'They went to church on Sunday morning and the rest of the day they played cards.' But it is done. And I know whereof I speak; for I have too much at stake to make any statement which I can not verify, and I say that the love, and respect and reverence for God's day does not stand where it stood in our father's day, and the

sooner we get back, the better. Do you think your child doesn't know these things? It is hard work to get children to the Sabbath school now. They begin to argue, 'My father used to go, my mother used to go; they used to love the place of God, but now they stop at home because it rains, or might rain. They have something else on hand, and do not love the place of prayer as they used to.' You can not violate God's law without suffering. How do you stand with this text? Do you love the place of God on the Sabbath? Are you found in your place whether it is the pastor or the stranger that is going to preach? No matter who is the messenger or what the message may be, do you go to look into the Master's face, or see your Master and have fellowship with heaven? 'If any man have not the spirit of Christ in this he is none of His'—that is the word

WHAT GOD MEANS THE CHURCH TO BE.

"Take another test. Listen! From cradle to cross, from manger to grave; the foot-sore and weary way; the sleepless nights and the aching head; the broken heart and the infinite pathos. He whose words were jewels, eternities; and His eye was the Light of the World. The Saviour! the Son of Mary, the Son of Man, the Son of God. There was one overmastering passion in His life and that passion was to save the lost; to lift up the fallen; to help the helpless: to come to the people whom nobody wanted. The lost, the last, the least, the unit. Jesus wanted the people that nobody seemed to care for, and He gave His precions life, His passion, His blood, His death, in order to save. Are you doing this, my brother? Are you

doing this, my sister? Did you ever give one day to the saving of a soul? Did you ever give up an hour's luxury in order to seek a lost one, and bring that lost one back to the fold? Do you know what it is to carry the weight of some doomed soul in your heart, night and day? Do you know what it is to go to bed and not to be able to sleep, for thinking for those who are Christless, and without God and without hope? Do you know anything at all about travailing in births for souls? Have you ever stepped out of the ordinary beaten tracks and gone aside just a little to get hold of some poor, sin-broken, sin-cursed life and talked to it about the hope and possibility there is in Jesus Christ? Do you? Don't call yourself a Christian, for it is only mockery; it is only blasphemy, if you know nothing about that spirit. If your idea of religion is simply to have a good time, and save yourself, and sing sweet, little songs and fondle yourself, remember God Almighty never meant His church to be a mutual congratulation society, but a place where they seek the Lord. Do you know anything about that? I have known people in the church who have been ready to condemn anybody and everything anybody did, no matter who it was, or what the thing might be that was honestly attempted to save a soul—I have known people in the church who called themselves Christians condemn and pooh-pooh and ridicule, and criticise and offer sarcasm, and try to stop any attempt to save humanity when they never lifted a little finger to save a soul. That cuts. It hurts to be wounded in the house of your friends. It hurt the Son of God. He came to His own and His own did not understand Him; they did not grasp the genius of His coming, or his mission, or his word. Do you know anything

about helping Jesus to save His own? You business men, you have been making dollars, do you ever stop for a day to try to save a soul? Do you ever say to the people at home, 'I am not going to the office to-day, for I am going to seek out that drunkard, and am going to point him to Christ. There is a boy that has gone wrong and I am going to see if I cannot point him to the Cross. I know somebody who is beginning to drift, and before he goes any further I will make it my business to-day to see if I cannot stop the drift.' Do you know anything about it? You make a million or two and you will have to leave that behind you. You build a beautiful palace, and it may be your tomb, but you save a soul and you will deck the brow of Emanuel, and make heaven resound with 'The dead is alive and the lost is found.' Do you know anything about that? Listen! you sisters, you ladies with plenty of time on your hands, hardly knowing what to do with your time. It goes so wearily, some of you nurse animals, I wish you would adopt a baby and nurse it for Jesus. I would rather take that woman's place on the Judgment Day who takes some little motherless child and mothers it, makes a little dress for it and teaches its little feet to walk in the path that leads to heaven—I would rather take that woman's place who does that for Jesus, than I would take the woman's place who does nothing but nurse a dog. I think I know which is most like following Jesus. Sisters, sweet, beautiful, capable women, with time and money and possibilities all at your command, have you ever given an hour to saving a lost sister, have you? I know it is one thing in your pew to sing 'Rescue the Perishing,' but that it is another thing to go and do it. It is one thing to

sing when you are twenty miles away from the perishing, to sing that song and another thing to do it. Do you sisters ever leave your comforts and home, and easy chair—for it takes a lot of grace to lift a person out of an easy chair—more than to rescue a man from drunkenness. There is as much sin in a life of ease as there is in a life of drunkenness. I am old-fashioned enough (believing as I do in my Lord and my Bible, and the Gospel, and in my blessed, memorable Calvary) I cannot help believing that deep down in human hearts, crushed with feelings that lie buried, that grace can restore, touched by a loving hand and awakened by kindness, cords that were broken, will vibrate once more, and with your feet you shall touch keys that may make the earth shake with invisible music. You are fingering possibilities that would startle earth and heaven.

UNWILLINGNESS TO FOLLOW CHRIST.

"Don't allow the days to go by without achieving something for God. Are you following Christ in this? 'If any man have not the spirit of Christ, in this, he is none of His.' Who have you talked to about Jesus this week? Come now, who have you talked to about Jesus this week? I know you have discussed politics, and the Thaw case. You can steep your tongue in slander and filth. Have you talked to anybody about Jesus this week? You have discussed the latest fad in society, the latest thing, the latest method; you are prepared for any of these things, fashions and all the rest, and do you think if you loved Christ as much as you ought to love Him and cared for His honor and glory, and don't you think if you loved Jesus that you would be compelled to whisper, 'Jesus'? I know you

would, for you could not help yourself; for when it is in it will be out; and if your mouth is silent about these things, and if your thought is paralyzed where these things are concerned, and if you are still when there ought to be movement towards God, and these poor lost things, I tell you there is something the matter. The Lord help you to find out. Take one other test. Listen! listen! Jesus went to Calvary; are you willing to go? He carried his cross; are you carrying yours? Are you following Him there? Are you prepared to walk that straight, rugged, cruel, despised road with Jesus, carrying your cross, to be cursed at, and scorned, and ridiculed? Are you? For this is the way. 'The servant is not greater than his Lord.' There is still a cross in the Gospel, and it will be no Gospel at all when it is taken out. You take the cross out of the Gospel and the world is a carcass, and the Book is not worth the paper it is printed on. You must carry your cross if you follow Jesus. There must be no shirking. Whatever else you shirk you must not shirk this.

Not for ease or worldly glory,
Nor for fame my plea shall be;
Gladly let me walk and suffer;
Close to Thee.

"All else is poor if Jesus be absent.

"Are you walking with your Lord; for that is following? Are you willing to do the big things, or the little ones? Are you willing to do the things that count in the public press, or do the things that nobody recognizes or sees but heaven? Are you willing to do what, in the last text I gave you, you

find Jesus doing? There are some poor fishermen, some of His Apostles, coming ashore, without any catch. It had been a night of failure. They had nothing to eat, but were weary and tired, and when they reached the shore they found a fire burning, some food for breakfast cooked and ready to eat. Who kindled the fire, and who prepared breakfast for hungry, toiling men? Listen! The hands that were nailed to the tree, the fingers that adorned the rosebud and the lily, the fingers that stretched the rainbow in the heavens, the fingers that were dipped in the mighty sea of time and from their tips ocean and rivers and lakes dropped the fingers that formed the world's, cooking breakfast for hungry fishermen! When we are following Jesus are we willing to do anything for suffering men or to glorify God? Are you following? 'If any man hath not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His.' Let us pray."

GIPSY SMITH AT THE CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Gipsy Smith spoke to the pupils of the Central Congregational Sunday school, making an address which held the closest attention of the boys and girls for about fifteen minutes. The lesson was dispensed with. He was introduced by the pastor of the church, the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. The superintendent of the school is Herbert B. Brush. Gipsy Smith said:

"My dear young friends: What I may say to you will necessarily be very brief. One of the privileges of my life is to come in contact with hundreds of young people; and I have seen large numbers of young people give themselves to Christ and, believe me, if you were to ask me which I would rather see, a gray-headed

man or a boy coming to Christ, I would say the boy. I think I could convince you that the decision is a wise one. There are some people who do not seem to believe very much in the definite conversion of boys and girls. Well, the people who take that attitude are either ignorant of the Gospel themselves or they are people who have no boys and girls of their own.

THE CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

I never knew a father or mother who was really converted object to the conversion of children, and I never yet heard of anybody who had no children of their own who was really converted but what believed in the conversion of boys and girls. Do you know that nearly all of the ministers of this country came to Christ as boys, and that all the men and women, with few exceptions, who have done anything very great in the world for the Kingdom of Christ surrendered their hearts and lives to Jesus in their youth, and the sweetest thing I know that any boy or girl can do is to come to Christ and say, 'Lord Jesus Christ, make my heart Thy home, and as I grow up I may be Thine and all my manly powers shall be consecrated to Thy dear service.' The noblest thing a boy can do, and the sweetest and bravest thing a girl can do—I know nothing better this side the pearly gates than to see young people bringing their beautiful, pure lives and standing up and consecrating them to the service of Christ.

ONLY A LITTLE GYPSY BOY.

"Boys and girls, I did this when I was a boy and I had not your chances. I was not born as you were

born. I was only a little gypsy boy. I was not sent to school as you were or even to a Sunday school. I got into Sunday school for a few Sundays after I was converted, but before I knew Christ I did not have your opportunities. I was not taught to read from the Bible as you are, but away back in those dark days of superstition and heathenism my eyes were opened to the fact that Jesus loved me and gave Himself for me, and the moment I knew that that wonderful fact gripped my boyish mind and heart and conscience. I felt that there was only one thing for me to do and that one thing must be done; that if He lived and gave Himself for me that He ought to have my life and service, my all and, a little stranger, when I was in the gypsy tent, I just surrendered myself to Christ, and I prayed this prayer: 'While I am in the world, Lord Jesus make me good,' and if there is anything in my life that is beautiful and worthy of emulation to-day it is because I made that decision when I was a little stranger and a little nobody in the world. I gave my heart and my love and my life to Christ, and because I know that it saves a boy from two things that come into his life and spoil and unman him, because I know that when Christ gets into a boy's life and becomes enthroned there the destructive forces of evil are kept at bay, and God forms a sort of fortress around the boy who so loves Him, because I know that I would urge you boys to give yourselves to Christ to-day and grow up to be God's men. Make up your minds that the mean, the selfish, the unclean —all that is evil shall have no place, no quarter in your heart or in your life because Christ came in to reign.

And just what happens to the boy happens to the girl when she comes to Christ. And don't think you

are too young or little, because God has a great place in His heart for little things, I have crossed the mighty ocean a good many times and I just love to look at the dewdrop. The dewdrop has as much charm as the ocean for I can see all sorts of things mirrored in the dewdrop. Then the raindrop—God fathers the raindrop, fathers it as well as the great ocean. Your great continent is as wonderful to me as the ocean. I have crossed it and it is as awful to me as the ocean, this mighty continent, and yet it is only a bit of the world. And God made the tiny pebble. He has a great place in His heart for little things. For the great oak and the little bur; that great eagle, the American eagle, and He made the little sparrow. He loves the little things; and there are possibilities within you that you have never dreamed of. Other people may not have discovered any in you, but He knows, He knows.

AT THE KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINES.

"I sat some time ago in the open workings of the Kimberly diamond mines and I looked for the diamonds. I could not see one. And then they took me on the floors, thousands, ten of thousands of acres of the floors where they place the blue stone, as they call it, which carries the diamonds to be pulverized by the air and the rain and the frost and the sun. They lie out there for months. I could not see any diamonds. Then they took me 2,520 feet below into the ground mines and I took a pick they use and tried to find a diamond, but I could not and yet they were around me in millions. I was surrounded by wealth untold and yet I could not see one of the precious gems. But when I went up to the pulsator where the pulverizing

and sifting and washing is done by that wonderful machinery and when I saw the little grease plate over which the little opals and emeralds and all sorts of nails and bits of solid things tumble, and whenever a diamond comes over this grease plate it sticks to it, everything else falls off, but the grease has an affinity for the diamond, or the diamond for the grease. And then I saw diamonds. It was easy then, but whether I saw diamonds or not before they were there.

"That is what I want you to understand. Nobody knows what is hidden away in boys and girls. Listen: Your decision for Christ will bring out the best; your indecision will bring out the worst. The moment a boy or girl takes Jesus the best comes out, and when a boy or girl says 'No' to Christ the best is hidden and the worst comes out. So that your duty toward Christ is a tremendous thing. It settles goodness or wickedness. Mind how you treat Jesus, boys and girls. Your future depends on it—your future, your character and everything that is good and beautiful and godly depends upon it.

THE DAY THE GYPSY CAME TO CHRIST.

"Had you seen me the day I came to Christ and anybody had told you I was going to preach in the Central Church, Brooklyn—'Oh, my!' you would have said—'never.' And if they had said that boy was going to preach around the world for Christ you would have said, 'Never.' When I sat on the trunk of that old tree, that dark, starry night, not a soul near me, I thought of my father's great love and of my mother in heaven, and I said to myself, calling myself by name, 'Rodney, what are you going to do? Are you

going to be a wandering—just a wandering gypsy boy all your life, or are you going to be a Christian and have something to live for?' And, oh, I tell you, I thought for a moment and then I stood in the grass, and clenching my hand till my nails nearly penetrated my skin, I said: 'O God, I will be a good boy. I will serve Thee.' And that was the beginning of this, and what your pastor and your superintendent and your teachers and your parents who know how to pray—what they are all anxious about this day is that you should come to Christ, too. It is easy enough to read about Him and believe in Him up to a point, but you have to love Him, to serve Him, to recognize Him as Lord and as Saviour. God grant that you may do it to-day."

"If I had a little longer to stay I should want to press you to the decision at once, but I hope those who stay with you when I go to the theater to talk to men will urge you to do that to-day. Give yourself, intelligently and honestly, to Jesus. God bless you, dear young people. You have a very warm place in my heart, for I have imagination enough to know something of the tremendous possibilities within, and I covet all here for my Master. God bless and save you!"

THE GREAT THINGS THE LORD HAS DONE.

In the evening the scene of the gypsy's work was changed from old Plymouth to the Central Congregational Church, Dr. Cadman's charge, at Hancock street and Franklin avenue. The night was as bad as the day, snowy and blustering, but it could not keep the people away, and the great auditorium was filled by an immense throng several minutes before the hour set for the service.

There were probably more people crowded into the pews of the Central Congregational that night than they ever held before, and that was because of Gipsy Smith's words to those who came early.

"There's too much wood in sight," he cried. "You'll have to get used to crowding this week, and you may as well begin to-night. Crowd in close toward the centers of the pews and make room for more people in the end seats. I was born in the woods and I have a good eye for wood, but I don't like to see too much of it uncovered in churches." So he made the pews hold close to 2,300 people, and there were two or three hundred more standing, all that could get in.

The evening's lesson was based on the Bible story in the fifth chapter of St. Mark, of the man possessed of many evil spirits, which Jesus commanded to come out of the man and then permitted to enter into the herd of swine. He read it all, of the great crowds that came to see what it was had come to pass, and of His

command, when on departing the man rid of the evil spirits would have accompanied Him, "Go to thy home, unto thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee!"

HOW TO PROVE THERE IS A DEVIL.

"A dead fish can swim with the stream; it takes a live one to swim against the stream," was the way in which Gipsy Smith gave the test for determining whether there is a devil. "If you don't believe there is a devil," he said, "try living one day for Christ and you'll find one that you'll have to fight with all your might.

"And you may trace the way he takes by the blood pools and the wrecks and the broken hearts. He would poison every love-pool and drive out every sunbeam, and if you have not been caught and held by him it is because God loves you and has saved you by His grace."

It was of the Lord over devils, the Lord over disease, the Lord over death that Gipsy Smith talked that night, of the all-conquering Christ.

"Jesus is still that to-day," he said, "and that's the Christ we need in Brooklyn. You've got it all in that chapter—the man's Christ, the woman's Christ, the child's Christ, and the best thing man, woman or child can do to-day is to say, 'Christ for me.'"

THE HYPOCRITE IN THE CHURCH.

Then came a terrible excoriation of the hypocrite in the church. "I'd rather be Bob Ingersoll before the Great White Throne, if he was honest," said Gipsy Smith, "than some of you, for he said he didn't believe in Christ and treated Him accordingly, while you say you do believe in Christ, and then you treat Him as though you didn't."

Responsibility, the responsibility of a father for his child in God's sight, the responsibility of a woman, of a mother, was touched upon by the Gipsy when he talked of Jesus as a personal Saviour, as the man's Christ, as the woman's Christ; and, with a tender appeal to the fathers and to the mothers, sisters, wives he brought the meeting to its moments of silent prayer, moments during which fully 100 members of his great congregation rose to their feet to signify their desire for salvation and remained for the after meeting.

GIPSY SMITH'S SERMON.

Gipsy Smith said:

"In the chapter which I read part of for our lesson, you have the story of three hopeless cases, and it is about these hopeless cases that I wish to speak to you. This fifth chapter of Mark is a chapter of incurables. There are three cases. A man possessed by a devil; the woman spent out and at the end of her strength, suffering from a terrible disease; and the little child dead. I want you to look at these three cases. First, the man possessed by the devil. Some people say there is no devil. Well, there is a good deal that is like one and you cannot travel far in Brooklyn or New York without seeing a good deal of devilishness, and when a man tells me there is no devil, then I want to know how he knows it, and if he is so sure that there is none I want him to explain to me who it is that is carrying on his business. There are some men

who say they have seen the devil and there are some who say they have seen devils, lots of them. They have had the horrors. I have met with men who said they had seen little ones, scores of them. Well, if they have, if they have seen little ones there is an old one. (Laughter.) My dear brother, listen! There is a devil, and the man who says there is none tells me straight that he never tried to do right. If you have not proved the existence of an evil genius, you make up your mind that you will try to live one day for God and you will soon be convinced that there is a devil somewhere. A dead fish can swim with the stream, but it takes a living fish to go against the stream. When a man is asleep you can put chains on his feet and wrists while he is asleep. He may be unconscious of the chains, but when he wakes he finds they are there. And so, when a man makes up his mind that he is going to do right he finds evil forces all about him who try to frustrate his purposes and to rob him of his manhood and to drag him down to defeat and and death. And the Bible says this man was possessed by a devil. I wish I had time to go into the matter and get from the Almighty's camera full-length photographs of that poor wretch, ostracized, living out there in the mountains and tombs and hiding himself behind stones and in caves, among fragment pieces of rock, moaning, groaning, crying out, cutting himself with stones, a terror of the neighborhood, struggling, wounded, forsaken, beyond everybody's reach, beyond everybody's power, nobody could help him. There were those who, in the early days and early stages of his wandering tried to tame him. They bound him with chains, but that was no use; he shook them off like so many cobwebs. There he was living away from

all who loved him, alone, a lonely man, left to the powers of the pit. And that is but a sample case of what the devil would do with every man, for he has no respect for persons. And he would as soon ruin you as the man we are talking about at this moment. He is devil enough to take your baby from your breasts, O mother, and hurl that sweet innocent thing from the craggy rock of despair and leave it bleeding, doomed and damned. That is the devil's business, to work ruin, and you may trace the way he takes by the blood pools and the broken hearts and the lost lives he leaves in his trail, for he clothes himself with the night. That is his mantle. He would poison every love stream; he would drive out every ray of hope and kill every sunbeam; and he would put his foot on the neck of the world and then truckle, like the fiend that he is, over a universal hell. That is but a specimen of what sin would do and what the devil would do with every man. And if you have not got seized, it is because God loves you and has sheltered you by His grace.

CHRIST IS LORD OVER ALL DEVILS.

"But in the first case, Jesus shows himself Lord over devils, and Jesus is that to-day; and so he says that men and women in this city who feel that they have got an evil power possessing them and that it is hard to do right and easy to do wrong, and if all the bent and bias of your nature is downward; if you are happier doing wrong against your judgment; if you are happier at wrong than right, and if the whole bent of your nature is downward, then I tell you on the authority of this book, and in Christ's name, and with the memory of the cross fresh upon my heart, with its

pathos, that for you there is deliverance from thraldom of the devil; for Jesus is Lord over devils. No matter what the devil is that has got possession of you; no matter what the thing in your life is that has got you in its grip and is sapping your manhood and womanhood that God blessed you with, and day by day you are losing even respect for yourself and truth, the love of friends and the love of life, the Lord Christ can make you a new creature. He is Lord over devils.

"The second case is one of disease: It is the case of a woman who suffered many things, says Mark, of many physicians and was nothing better. I want you physicians to note that 'of many physicians and was nothing better,' but rather grew worse. When Luke tells this story he leaves out that bit about the physicians, but then he was a doctor himself. But when she heard of Jesus and the wonderful things He was doing, she tried Jesus and Jesus was equal to the occasion. And one beautiful, triumphant, glad moment of contact with Jesus ended the suffering of twelve years. Jesus is Lord over disease, and when the sin goes out of your world you may bid goodby to the epidemics and raging fevers. When sin goes out of your world you will be on the highroad to eternal life. When sin goes out of your world you may look for the eternal bloom to come back to the cheek. When sin goes out of the world the world will be heaven; for sin builds your hospitals, and sin builds the cities of the dead. Sin is the undertaker at every funeral, sin is the spade that digs every grace, and if sin could climb the steps of gold and get through the gates of life and take up its abode on God's fair fields of light they would have to build a graveyard in glory. 'The wages of sin is death.' Jesus

Christ came to destroy the works of the devil; He is Master and Lord of disease. You can do something with a man if the devil is in him, because, I believe that for the worst man in Brooklyn there is hope while God is on His throne; I believe in a gospel that gives every man outside of hell a chance, no matter how bad he is; and I do not care, somewhere, at some moment, you may reach him if you only have the power of Christ to touch the right place at the psychological moment, you may lift that man for two worlds, this, and the next. And you can do something for that poor, jaded object of a woman for 'while there is life there is hope.'

THE NEED OF CHRIST IN BROOKLYN.

"But what are you going to do with the dead body? And the third case is death. What shall you do with the dead? Surely this will test Jesus and His mighty power. When he got to the little dead girl, what you call death He called sleep; and He said to the friends, 'She is asleep,' as much as to say, 'I can wake her when I want to.' And listen! He got hold of her, and He looked into her little spirit, away off beyond there, and said, 'Little girl, arise.' If He had said. 'Arise,' without saying 'damsel,' I believe there would have been a general resurrection, but that eye of His, which is the light of the world, singled out that little spirit in the other world and said, 'I want you; come back here.' And then to her mother, He said, 'Give her something to eat.' So that in the chapter you have the all-conquering Christ; Lord over devils, Lord over disease and Lord over death, and Jesus is still that to-day. And that is the Christ we need in Brooklyn;

that is the Christ we want. You turn the picture around and you will see that you have all you need for humanity in this one chapter; enough Gospel to satisfy every man, woman and child on this earth. You have got the plan of redemption in this chapter. Listen. The man's Christ, the woman's Christ and the baby's Christ. That is how it works. And I want to say to you my brethren, that Jesus is the man's Christ, and the noblest, manliest thing any man can do, outside the gates of pearl, is to straighten his back and look the world in the face and say, 'Christ for me.' There is never a look so sweet in the eyes of the angels, I believe, as when they see a man do that; and I think they would fall from heaven with excitement but for one swoop of their mighty wings as they say, 'Behold, He prayeth.' It is such a beautiful thing to give yourself to Christ; it is such a mean, contemptible thing not to. The meanest act that man can be guilty of is to shut his heart to the Son of God. And some of you have been guilty of it until your hair has turned gray; and in your hearts, my brethren, Christ has no place. You have room for anything but Jesus. You fathers and sons, you brilliant, successful business men, you may know how to strike a bargain, how to make money and keep it.

THE WORST THING MEN ARE DOING TO-DAY.

"Listen to me! I tell you, the worst thing you are doing, the most unwise thing you are doing, the most selfish thing you can do, and of which some of you men are guilty at this moment, and have been for years—you know how to use the money markets of the world with the politics of the world; how to deal

shares with domestic pleasures, the demands of the day, and somehow you manage, when you lay your plans wisely and well for success (and somehow or other you manage to get what you lay your plans for). Oh, how is it, men, that you can shut your eyes and shut your hearts to the Son of Man? How is it? You are not as good as some unbelievers; they are consistent; you are not as consistent as Bob Ingersoll, for he died an honest man. You are not as consistent as Charles Bradlaw, of England; you are not as consistent as Blackwell, the infidel, for these men were honest and died honest. I would rather be Blackwell at the Great White Throne than some of you men who go to church every Sunday. These men said they didn't believe in Christ; you say that you do believe in Him and He died to save you and that He loves you; you say He ought to be served and worshipped and adored; and yet you treat Christ as though He were a sham and the Bible a farce. O, God, open our eyes that we may see. Listen, men! The bravest thing you could do would be for you to stand up in this audience and upset my sermon, and I should like that, by saying, 'I want you to know from this day forth I am going to make an honest attempt to live for Jesus.' Nobody can do for you what Jesus can. The most wonderful thing about Christ, and yet not when you come to think about it, it is not wonderful at all; it does not matter what a man is, what his nationality, his birth or training or gifts, what his outlook; no matter whether black or white, rich or poor, bond or free, the moment he looks into the face of Jesus and says, 'My Lord and my God,' he is free. He is a man's Christ.

"He is a mother's Christ and it is time you took Him

to your children and your wife. God help you to do it to-day. Some of you are fathers, and if you do not make haste your boys and girls will call you to account when it is too late. They will do as that young fellow did in England to a rich father when he was dying. He said: 'Father, I want to thank you for all you have done for me, but I am dying and you never taught me to pray or that I had a soul to save or of eternity. You have not done your duty, father.'

WOMEN ARE OFTEN HARD TO WIN.

"I do not know how a woman can keep Christ out of her life, yet sometimes she is the most difficult to win. Why, I cannot explain; it is a mystery. How a woman can close her heart to Jesus Christ is beyond my comprehension. Sister, you have not a thing in the world that is worth having but what Christ left you. I hear that some of you have no room for Jesus. You have room for other things. Is it true? Listen! O women! Sisters, mothers, wives; you have it in your power to mold a continent, to shape it for God. Mind you don't wreck it. Mind you don't dam it up by your superficiality and shallowness. You ought to love Jesus. Remember that when others spoke of a woman and said: 'She is a sinner,' He said, 'Woman, woman, thy sins are forgiven thee.' Nobody else ever said that to a woman but Christ. Don't you turn your back on Him; the day is coming when you will want him. Open your heart to receive Him to-day, and if I am speaking to one poor heart, crushed women, listen! He knows how to wipe away your sorrows. If He does not wipe your tears He will cast them into jewels and they will flash by and by in the crown of God. Take Him. He

is the woman's Saviour. God help you to trust Him to-day.

"But that is not all. He is the babies' Christ, and if you want to beat the devil you must fight him with the cradle. I don't think we are soon enough with our children. We let them stray too far from the cross before we tether them. We let them wander from God without an effort to save them, and then sing, 'Where is My Wandering Boy To-night,' and then we ask preachers and evangelists to pray for them when we have already taken them off from God and introduced them to the world. We will have to fight the devil with the cradle and get ten minutes ahead of him by bringing the children to Jesus in their early days. May God save our children from the effects of a Christianless home. He is the man's Christ; He is the woman's Christ; He is the child's Christ. There is not one here but will want Him, and may be, sooner than you think. Death is coming, and you will want Him then. A physician in Boston on the way to Rhode Island said to me: 'I have watched your movement. I am not a Christian man, but I am in sympathy with your work. When we physicians are called into a sick room we are always glad if the patient is a Christian because they have a peace and resignation that nobody else has; we know by their calm resignation in facing death when they are dying?"

CHRIST'S VISIT TO A GYPSY TENT.

"I was preaching in London some time ago and received a telegram as I went into the pulpit from my dear old aunt at Cambridge, saying: 'Come as soon as you can. Your aunt is dying.' Only an old gypsy

woman, but she was my auntie, and when I longed for my mother and wanted her when I was a little boy, she mothered and comforted me. She lived in her gypsy tent, years and years, a beautiful Christian life. And now she was dying. I took the first train, and when I reached the old tent and asked her if I should get on my knees and ask God to bless her, she said, 'No, my dear, you get down on your knees and thank Him because He has blessed me.' That is the way to die. I asked her, 'Is Jesus as precious now in death as we say He is when we are well and strong?' She said, 'You can tell anybody that a poor old gypsy woman when dying said, "He is a rock in a weary land. He is a shelter in the time of storm, and the Christ who would come from the glory to an old gypsy tent for a poor old gypsy woman and take her from a tent to a palace is the Christ for me.' Living or dying, Jesus for me. God help you to say it. Let us pray."

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

On March 11, Gipsy Smith attracted to the Central Congregational Church between 6,000 and 7,000 people, the greatest throng ever attracted to such a meeting in the history of this, the City of Churches.

Of this number, many more than 3,000 crowded into the church proper, filling every inch of available room in the structure; 1,200 more attended an overflow meeting in the church chapel, and between 2,000 and 2,500 people were turned away.

Warned by the size of the audience attracted by Gipsy Smith on a night when the elements warred and out-of-doors was exceedingly disagreeable for mortals, the crowd came early to the Central Congregational Church and some time before 7:30 o'clock nearly every seat in the immense church was filled, although it then lacked a half hour of the time announced for the opening of the meeting.

Before Gipsy Smith arrived at the church, Dr. Cadman's countenance had assumed a smile of the kind-that-won't-come-off variety, and when the gypsy ascended the platform and looked out over the heads and then into the faces of the great throng, a smile as of thanksgiving spread over his face, and more than one in the audience, catching that smile, felt their hearts warm to the evangelist before a word of his had fallen on their ears.

The young men, who were so much in evidence on that Sunday night, came back again in even greater numbers for that Sunday night's meeting had made Christianity something more than a one-day-a-week concern for many of them, and they came back to attest that fact.

The choir, or rather the absence of a considerable portion of that body, caused much confusion. The members of the choir had been instructed to come early. Many of them didn't, and when, at 7:45 nearly 1,000 people were clamoring for admission and for seats, it became impossible to hold those set aside for those members of the choir who were tardy.

But even this didn't begin to furnish room for the densely massed crowd without, which wanted to get in. Then Dr. Cadman, when the aisles began to be jammed with people, suggested an overflow meeting and asked those who would like to have one held in the chapel to raise their hands. Not a single hand went up.

"That's it!" exclaimed Dr. Cadman. "You all want to hear Gipsy Smith and you don't want any overflow meeting that he cannot have time to address! Well, we'll have to do the best we can."

The best that Central Congregational could do was to accommodate a few more than 3,000 people, and after it did that it had to turn away fully 1,000 more, all of whom came to the church before 8 o'clock, as well as many hundreds more who came after that hour. It was unquestionably the greatest week-day revival service ever held in Brooklyn, for the number of late comers compelled the holding of an overflow meeting, which was attended by about 1,200 people, making a total of close to 4,500 who attended service,

in addition to fully 1,500 who could not for lack of room.

On March 12, 500 front seats were reserved, for about 250 men and an equal number of their male friends, about 250 men pledging themselves to each bring an unconverted friend on condition that seats be assured them. The afternoon's service at the Central Congregational Church, at 4:30 o'clock, was an offset to the evening arrangement, and held particularly for women.

The gypsy found his text that night in the seventh verse of the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and from that text he preached a sermon that will be remembered in Brooklyn for years to come.

It was a wonderful appeal, a magnificent effort. It brought more men and women to their feet seeking Christ than have had their hearts touched at any previous meeting. The sermon was indeed worthy of recording and preserving and those who were not able to hear it are very fortunate to be able to read it.

GIPSY SMITH'S SERMON.

Gipsy Smith said:

"You will find the text in the Gospel of St. John, chapter iii, part of the 7th verse: 'Ye must be born again.' Or you may read it thus, if you like: 'Ye must be born from above.' Or you may read it this way: 'Ye must be born anew.' Or, 'Ye must be born again, from above, anew.' And it means a new creature; it means, 'Old things must pass away,' and it means that there must be a new creation.

"The first birth is of the 'earth earthy'; the second is from above, and is of the heavenly. The first birth is

of the flesh; the second is spirit. The first is of the will of man; the second is of the will of God. And please do not think for a moment that you have gone beyond the need of the doctrine of the new birth. Because, if you have, you are no company for me. We are on redemption ground when we talk about the new birth. We are standing on the eternities when we are dealing with such a theme as this. I am not here to apoligize for it; it does not need any apology from me. It is my bussiness to preach it; it is my business to make you hear it; it is my business to enforce it on your attention, and to demand your most reverent attention. It is my business, whether you like it or not, to drive it into your soul up to the hilt with all the power and emphasis I may possess, and make you face the truth. No, I am not here to explain it; it is beyond me; I am here to tell you that you must be born again, and please put the emphasis on the two words 'must' and 'again.' When you talk about the new birth in the presence of some people, you are considered old-fashioned, not quite up to date; 'good people, perfectly harmless, but a little bit behind.' It is old-fashioned nowadays in some quarters, and even in some churches, to talk about the new birth. But don't forget that Jesus has not recalled the doctrine, and until He does it holds the field. It is His message. I am not the author of this great truth. This is not a fad, a pet theme of some wild man, some vulgar creature, some sensationalist, somebody from nobody knows where, some firebrand. Listen: Jesus said this. Listen: 'sin is old, very old, but the blood is older, for God had a lamb slain before the foundation of the world.' This is not man-made. This had its birth away back in the date-less date; In the beginning, where ages are

but drifts of foam on the mighty sea of time; back where God breathed. This had its birth in the great heart of the Infinite; away beyond the gates of the morning.

THE DOCTRINE OF JOHN WESLEY.

"If we realize who said this first we shall treat it reverently: He who is the jewel for which this vast universe is but the mere setting; He who can throw out planets from His finger tips as easily as scattering dewdrops on a spring morning, Jesus, it was He who said this; Jesus, the Christ you profess to worship. It was Jesus who said this. Don't you insult Him by treating lightly what He considers so fundamental. 'O,' you say, 'that is Methodist! I know it is Methodist and everybody that has got it has a method in it. A lot of you Methodists are only ists; you have lost the method. That is the trouble with you. I know John Wesley preached from this doctrine, but he could not help it because he was born again. (A woman's voice, Amen!) You be quiet. I am not after you. I am after those who cannot say 'Amen.' You remember that I am not after you old sisters. We have got you. You are saved—or ought to be. You pray for me while I try to grapple with their consciences. Now, listen! John Wesley preached from this doctrine, but then John Wesley had not a monopoly of it. Everybody that knows anything about the new birth preaches it. They cannot help themselves, and the great Methodist Church in all English speaking lands is the monument of the mighty preacher. George Whitfield preached 300 times from that text, 300 times from that one text! 300 times, and died exhausted preaching it. My brethren, if you had a chance to preach from that text 300

times it would go, wouldn't it? But my! if one of you dared to preach a sermon twice in Brooklyn in one year from one text all the dear old sisters would have something to talk about, and the brothers, too. Is not it a strange thing if a man has a message from God for your soul, you can only hear it once? You are so morally and spiritually and mentally constructed that if you hear the same sermon twice, no matter how dear and precious it is, it is stale. No it is not stale except to stale people. For those who have got an appetite it is fresh as the primrose in spring, as the nightingale in the late days of May, as welcome as the thrush in January, as glorious as Nature's own bridal bouquet. Stale! Never to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness. Three hundred times Whitfield preached from that one text. He was once asked, 'Why do you preach from John iii: 7 so often?' 'Why,' said he, 'because you must be born again, that is why.' General Booth, one of the most wonderful men that God ever gave to the last century, whose band of consecrated followers have belted the globe with a golden belt of sun and salvation, and who will take tens of thousands from the streets of your city to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem, he preached from it, but did not invent it. Whitfield didn't, Wesley didn't. Well, Moody preached from this text, but he didn't invent it. He preached it, and England and America moved Godward. Finney preached from this doctrine and shook England, but he didn't invent it. Well, your own James Coy came to England and preached it, whether in America or not, and William Booth, General Booth, was converted under that mighty preacher, and the man who is born again will talk the new birth. But all these men rolled into one could

not have invented it. Listen! It was Jesus and that is what I want you to see; it was Jesus Christ who stepped aside from the eternal state to whisper in the heart of sinful man this message, because we need it.

CHURCHMEN WHO DO NOT KNOW CHRIST.

"Now, will you look for a moment to whom He said it? Who was the first man who heard this wonderful message? Who was the first man? A publican? No. One of the worst sinners in the city? No. A man who robbed widows and orphans? No. A criminal? No. An impure man? No. Was he a heathen? No, sir. Well, was he a non-churchgoer? No; he was not a non-churchgoer. Who was he? A church member who was not born again, a member of the church in his day. More, he was an official, a member of the official board of the church of his day. He was one of the inner circle of the church of his day, who did not know Christ as the regenerator of the life within. Henry Drummond, during the second Moody campaign in Scotland, wrote to his friend Barber almost direct from the inquiry room 'the inquiry room, now as before (referring to the first campaign), reveals the awful fact that the vast majority of church members know nothing about the new birth.' Listen! 'They know,' said Henry Drummond, 'the letter of the law as well as they know their own names, but they are as ignorant of free grace as a Hottentot.' And I think if Henry Drummond could rise from the dead and come to America and get in touch with the inquiry room work and could see my correspondence day by day, and could read the letters that I receive from church officials and from church members and from people who

have been generally busy about church work without any inward knowledge of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, he would say, 'What I wrote so many years ago is still true to-day.' And if you want to test whether this thing is so, announce a semi-dramatic entertainment in the lecture room for one night and then announce a prayer meeting for the next night and see how many turn out to the entertainment and how many to the prayer meeting. How is it that we can work up excitement and enthusiasm over the social club while we let the Kingdom of God and the salvation of the people drop and take care of themselves? How is it? I am afraid in many cases it is because we have a name to live but are dead.

"CAN A MAN BE BORN WHEN HE IS OLD?"

"Do not forget that it was Christ who said it and it was a man in Israel who heard it. Don't forget that Jesus is 'author and finisher of our salvation' and it was He who was dealing with this man, and that this man was a member of the church of his day but knew nothing about the new birth. 'Can a man be born when he is old? Look at me, master. Don't you see I am getting old? Can a man be born when he is old?' That is a very pertinent question, and I wish you people who are getting on in years who do not know Christ would listen to me intently for a moment. You ask your minister, any one of them on this platform, to tell you how often in their ministry an old grayhead will come and say 'I want to be a Christian. Tell me what I must do. I want to join the church on profession of faith in Jesus.' You ask your minister that. I speak with some authority, for I have seen hundreds

of thousands move Godward on four English-speaking continents. I have been living in that atmosphere for 30 years, and the majority of those who come in are under 25. And if you take from 25 to 30 you have less; and from 30 to 40 still less, and from 40 to 50 less, and from 50 to 60 you can count them on your fingers. What does it mean?

"This: That you can say 'no' to God until you lose all desire to say 'yes.' You can kill, you can stifle, you can crush the tender, sweet, beautiful, wooing influences of the Holy Spirit in your soul until your heart and your soul and your mind become like a bit of leather, and you are past feeling, and you lose all desire. Can a man be born again when he is old? Can he? There was a day in my experience when I was not pleased if a boy came to Christ as if a man came, but I have learnt better. Give me the children and I believe God is going to save the situation of the coming generations by capturing the children. Listen! I am a member of a great church. It has a membership of 6,000 and that church has never seen a Sunday in twenty-one years without conversions.

SOME NOTABLE CONVERSIONS.

"A little while ago I was in a testimony meeting in connection with the church and there were 2,000 people present. I sat beside my pastor. A man got up and said he had been a burglar and had spent eighteen years in jail, but that God had saved him, and he is saved to-day. When he sat down another man jumped up and in a very trembling voice said, 'I was before the Grand Jury in Manchester, England, for murder. The judge and the jury knew that drink was in me

when I committed that deed, and my youth saved me from hanging.' He told us how he had been in prison and when he came out he said: 'My mate met me, for we had been old pals, and he told me of the Christ in whom there was hope for me.' And God had saved that poor wretch. Another man had been a prize fighter and had fought 11 battles and God had saved him. Another had been a drunkard for twenty years, and the Lord saved him. Another had been a coiner of base money, and his sins were forgiven.

"Another had been a wife-beater and God had forgiven him. And another man told how he had had a most chequered career and whose little girl came to him one day and said: 'Daddy, come and hear our gypsy sing.' He went and he told the story of his conversion. I could not sit still any longer and I said: 'Men, God has done wonders for you, but listen! he did more for me, this gypsy boy, than for all of you. He saved me before I got there. Before I contracted a vice Jesus got into my boyhood, and I am old-fashioned enough to believe that a hedge on the very threshold of the precipice is better than a hospital at the bottom. You save an old gray-head and you save a unit; save a boy and you save a multiplication table. God save the boy!

"Can a man be born again when he is old? Listen! Yes, for when Jesus says it must be He says it may be, and there is hope, there is hope for the oldest in the house who does not know Christ, if he will make the commission. Then some of you say, 'Tell me how it works.' That was the question Nicodemus asked of Jesus: 'How can these things be?' Aye, men have been stumbling over that ever since. How explain it? Men say, 'Why don't you make it plain if you want me

in the church and to be a Christian? Explain the process to my alabaster brow. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?' How? Listen! Look within and see the need, and if you look at the need you will stop asking so much. 'How?' I can ask you a good many questions you cannot answer.

QUESTIONS THAT CANNOT FIND ANSWER.

"You do not know who made that seat you are sitting on, but you do not refuse that seat because you do not know its history. You cannot explain electricity to me, but you do not refuse a lift or a light because you cannot explain it. You cannot analyze the rain drop, and yet God fathers it. You do not know how it is that oceans and navies and cities and worlds yet undiscovered are buried and lie hidden and are mirrored in the dewdrop, but you love to see God's diamonds hanging on a spring morning. You cannot tell me where the rose gets her perfume, or the lily her beauty, the violet its depths of color, or where the little primrose gets its daintiness. You cannot tell me how God picks a little vapor up, and you just stoop over it and do not see any beauty in it, but God licks it up, kisses it, and it is a rainbow, an arched bridge on which angels may stand and weep over the dying storm. Tell me how He got the storm by the forelock and shook it until it crept away in silence to lick His feet. Tell me how He got the song from the seraph and robed it in feathers, and you have got it in the canary. Tell me, then, what I wish you could tell me, how Jesus came to my gypsy tent. Oh, it is such a mystery to me. I wish somebody would fathom the deep and scale the heights and explain it to me. When

there was no Bible, when I could not spell my name, when I was only a little wandering gypsy boy, with my brother and three sisters and my father, without God and without hope in the world—tell me how Jesus came to that old gypsy tent and opened my eyes and made me know He was my Saviour and my Lord. Tell me how, for I do not know. But I know He did it. And it is enough to be going on with. Never mind the how of it; it must be.

"Jesus does not stop to explain. Listen! I will tell you why. If He did we could not grasp it. It is so great, 'for great is the mystery of Godliness.' Listen! The finite cannot grasp the infinite, it is so vast; it is so eternal. And the way in is not by asking questions or by argument, by splitting hairs, by Cambridge and Oxford and Edinburgh and Glasgow and London and Princeton and Harvard and Yale and Shakespeare and Socrates and Plato. Listen! It is over the old-fashioned hill called Calvary; that is the way; that is the way. And if you come that way you will get in to-night. Listen! Listen! Are you born again? Are you born again? I do not ask what church you are a member of, because that does not count until you are born again. Church membership will fall into its proper place, but it is no substitute for the new birth. Are you born again? Can you close your eyes and say, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.' Can you, are you sure, is it a fact, is it the joy of your life, the triumph of your soul? Is it the song of your soul by night and by day? Is heaven close? Is Jesus everything to you? Do you love Him above everything and everybody in the world and can you say that because of the indwelling grace,

Begone, vain earth,
Thou hast no charms for me.

"Are you born again? Listen! If you are not sure of it do not you leave the house until you are. He that is born of God has the witness in himself. Let us pray?"

GREAT AUDIENCES HEAR EVANGELIST GIPSY SMITH.

HOW CAN THESE THINGS BE?

Once more Gipsy Smith spoke to such an audience as has rarely in the history of Brooklyn attended such a service. Once more the crowd packed itself into every available bit of space within the four walls of the Central Congregational Church, and once more the number of those who sought without being able to secure admission to the church ran far into four figures.

Again they came early and again they came in magnificent throngs. Not only were all the seats filled and all the aisles and all the space in the rear of the pews filled, but the outer corridors of the church were jammed and the sidewalks in front of the structure were thronged. Several hundred went up into the chapel, where an overflow meeting was held. but that hardly made a perceptible impression on the size of the barred-out throng, which increased in size with the passing of each minute.

Down in the front of the church banked all the way from one side wall to the section reserved for the choir, were men. Some exhibited gray locks, a considerable number were of middle age, but the great majority were young men, and they made a splendid appearance, and made their presense felt mightily in

the singing. There were more men than women in the Central Congregational Church that night, which is not a usual thing in churches.

Caught himself by the great impression made by his sermon of the previous evening, he pursued his text of that night, those words from John iii, 7: "Ye must be born again," taking for the basis of his sermon the words following those of the preceding night's text.

He talked first of the "knowledge of salvation." Of it he said that many Christians are able to point to the exact date on which they were brought to Christ, but that this was not essential "so long as you know you've been born again." And he told of an incident in his own life to emphasize this fact. He told of his long endeavor to ascertain the date of his own physical birth. His mother dead, his people absolutely lacking in records of such things, he at last established the date through the British department that collates such vital statistics.

Primed with this knowledge, he went to his father and asked him whether the birth took place during the day or the night. To his surprise, his father told him that he could not recall the time of day. The gypsy expostulated with his father again and again, until the latter, perhaps a trifle exasperated, exclaimed:

"Laddie, you know you are born, don't you?"

"Yes, of course," answered the son.

"Then let that fact content you, laddie; that's all you need to know."

"So it is," said the gypsy, "with the spiritual life. It doesn't matter if you don't know when you were born into the Kingdom; it's not the knowing when you were, but the knowledge that you were, that counts."

Again the appeal was heartfelt, and again it went

straight to the hearts of scores of hearers. Again results were manifest and great, remarkably great.

TEXT OF CENTRAL CHURCH SERMON.

Gipsy Smith said: "Last night I tried to speak to you from the words found in the Gospel of St. John, third chapter and part of the seventh verse, 'Ye must be born again.' I want to come back to the same text and begin where I left off last night. Those of you who were present will remember that we looked for a moment to the importance of the words themselves. We thought about the wonderful utterance of them by the Lord Jesus himself. It was He who said, 'Ye must be born again.' And then we looked at the congregation which numbered one man, Nicodemus, and we discovered how startled and amazed he was at the profound word until he put the question, 'Can a man be born when he is old?' And then we for a moment or two dwelt on the second question that this man asked, 'How can these things be?' and may I say, beginning there, that in these words Jesus Christ, if he is teaching anything, is teaching the absolute necessity of a personal, Christian experience. That he enforced that experience in the conversation with that man three times. That he drives it home again when he says, 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh; that which is born of the spirit is spirit.' That he tries to stop this man's questioning, quibbling, attacking attitude, when he says, 'Marvel not. It must be,' for no man can enter the Kingdom of God unless he is born again. Listen! Don't you see that to take a man or a devil or a damned spirit from the bottomless pit without changing his nature and to put him up among the angels in

glory would put him in a worse hell up there than he would be in below. He would be so out of place. And how many men and how many women are there at this moment in this house prepared, if they were honest, say "Amen" to that?' I have met men, and so have you say 'Amen' to that?' I have met men, and so have you who have anything to do with Christian work, who have said that they feel in hell in a prayer meeting. They hate the house of God. What for? Because there is nothing there that appeals to them; they are more at home in a saloon; they are out of their element. Listen! With all your sin about you, supposing you could get there at this moment, with all your sin, would you be happy up there? Without your garments washed and made whiter than snow, purified from guilt and the power of sin—would you be happy in that beautiful world? Would you? Of course, you know you would not. That if you were to go there, your common sense tells you you must have the atmosphere of the spirit and the elements of the country put into you; be made a new creature, a new man.

CHURCH MEMBERS WITHOUT SALVATION.

"I said last night—Listen!—that there are multitudes of people in our churches whose names are down on the church roll, who go to church regularly, but who have not entered into this experience, and I had scarcely left this building before three or four people said to me, as I went up one of these aisles, 'It is so true. I am a church member but I cannot say that Jesus saves me now.' I want to help you. God help me that I may help you. Give me your attention. You say, 'How is it I do not seem to understand where

I am?' Well, that is not God's fault; it is not Christ's fault; it is not the spirit's fault; it is not your Bible's fault, because the Bible is open to you and God would have taught you had you studied it, for he waits to show you what His mind is; for in Jesus Christ all belongs to you; pardon for sin, cleansing for vileness, assurance for acceptance, strength for weakness, the joy of salvation; the victory of salvation—all in Christ for the man and the woman who will have the faith and daring to claim it. And if you have not got it it is because you have never laid your claim or taken the gift of Jesus Christ. Listen! It is—hear me!—one thing to be a member of a church, it is another thing to be born again. I was preaching in one of our cities in England and at the close of one of the services a lady came up to me and said, 'Mr. Smith, there is an encampment of gypsies in one of our suburbs. May I beg you to see them?' I said, 'Yes.' And then and there I fixed the time. I said, 'We will go to-morrow.' 'At such an hour,' she said, 'I will call for you.' She called with her carriage and we started for the encampment. And when we reached the field where the wagons and the tents were arranged I looked at them. At the first survey I knew there was not a gypsy on the ground—not one. There were wagons, tents, people, but no gypsies. I got out of the carriage and went among the tents and spoke in our own language, for the gypsy has a language of his own, to the people. They looked at me with a vacant stare and there was a woman, I picked her out, her dress was—well, it was the best she could do, for only a gypsy woman knows how to dress herself as the gypsies do—and I went and spoke to her and she said, 'Oh, I am very sorry. I have only just joined them. I was not born

a gypsy.' Listen! If she had been born there she would have known the language. She was only a 'joiner' and she didn't know the language. You see it.

BEING BORN INTO THE CHURCH OF GOD.

"If you had been born into the church of God you would know the language as well as the joy, and if you have only joined them, how can you expect to know, how can you expect to know? I am not saying—now listen to me!—that you shall be able to put your finger on the very spot where this thing happened. Some come to Christ so late in life that they do remember the spot where they made the surrender and where they were received into the kingdom of grace. I am not saying that you shall be able to point to the day on the calendar. Some can do that. I am not saying that you shall tell me the exact day or hour or moment when the light broke into your soul, and when the joy came, and you know when you were accepted. That is not what I am saying, but I am prepared to say this much: If you are born again you'll know it. There are multitudes of people who come to Christ so early in life that they hardly know when the decision took place, but they know it is settled and settled forever. I wanted an illustration for this sermon and I went to my dear father, for he still lives, a dear old saint. Wait till Monday and you will hear of him. I had just discovered after a good deal of care and searching the exact date of my birth. My mother, had she been alive, would have known, but she was dead and could not tell me, and gypsy men have no means of keeping records, and my father could not help me. But at last I got from Somerset House, London, the exact

date of my birth and I went to my father and I said: 'Now, father, I have got the year and date of the month. Was it at night, or in the day time that I was born?' 'My dear,' he said, 'I can't tell you.' 'Well, but,' I said, 'you ought to know. You are my father.' 'I don't know,' he replied. 'Well,' I said, 'try to remember, because it concerns me and I want to know.' 'My dear,' said my father, 'you know you are born, don't you?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Well, let that do,' said my father.

Now listen! Don't let the devil bother you if you cannot remember when you were converted. If you know it did happen, thank God! and go ahead! But if you do not know you had better mind and take pains to think. You ought to be concerned. And you never ought to sleep again until the question is settled and settled forever! You say, 'From what I have been told, I could be a Christian without knowing it.' The Bible does not give you any authority for such a statement. It teaches the opposite. You cannot have your dinner without knowing it and do you think a man could pass through the pangs of the new birth without knowing it? Don't you be deceived. Don't you believe that sop from hell, because it is given to soothe your conscience and to plaster you up with bad mortar, an opiate to soothe you into slumber, saying, 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace. And there never will be peace until you are right with God.

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE NEW BIRTH.

"Listen! Church membership is no substitute for the new birth. Communion is no substitute for the new birth. A little of your self-elected work is no substitute for the new birth. To be generally fussy in church work is no substitute for the new birth. Listen! Before you begin to do Jesus Christ's work, 'ye must be born again.' You had better do less and be a little more, and the doing will take care of itself.

"Listen! Listen! Are you born again? What did you say? You are an office bearer? My God! A master in Israel and knows not these things? How dare you handle holy things with unclean hands? How dare you strut about God's heritage with a heart in rebellion and while in anarchy? A master in Israel and knowest not these things? You must be born again, sir. What did you say? You are a Sunday school teacher? Well, my child would not sit in your class, if I were a member of your church, unless I had evidence that you were born again, for I would refuse to let my child be led by a blind leader. You ought not to teach in the Sunday school until you are converted. The first thing, listen! is, first things first. That is the Bible's way; that is Christ's way. Before you begin to do anything for God you must be for God; you must be right with Him. You say, 'I would like to know if I am right with God.' Well, may I give you a few of the new birth-marks? May I? These new birth-marks are always on the new born child. And here is one. Listen! 'He that is born of God, overcometh the world.' How do you stand beside that mark? Listen! Does the world hold you, or do you hold it? Does it conquer you, or do you conquer it? Is it your master, or are you its master? For, 'if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him!' How do you stand by that test? That is one of the new birth-marks. Is that mark on you? 'He that is born of God overcometh the world.' He puts the world beneath his feet and keeps it there.

Listen! Here is another: 'He that is born of God'—Listen! 'Abideth in Him'—'in Him.'

Thou, O Christ, are all I want,
More than all in Thee I find.
Thou the spring of all my comfort
More than life to me.

THE SPIRIT OF THE INFINITE WITHIN.

"'Abideth in Him.' Jesus is enough. Jesus is all in all—Jesus and all in Him. Are you there? Is that mark on you? Is it on you? If you are born again, it is. That is the spirit that actuates the new-born soul. Here is another birth mark, 'He that is born of God'—Listen—'Loveth the brethren.' There is not a soul in God's world that you have a grudge against when the Holy Spirit has His way with you. You love everybody. You are willing to shake hands with everybody. 'He loves the brethren.' Is that mark on you? Do you know anybody in Brooklyn that you are not on speaking terms with? That is one of the marks of the devil. 'He that is born of God loveth the brethren.' Here is another: Listen! 'As many as'—hear this—'as many as are led by the spirit of God, these are the sons of God?' Is this mark on you? These are not my words. You know where they came from. Are these marks upon you, my brethren? Here is another: Listen! 'He that is born of God hath the witness in himself'—the witness within. Oh, wonderful! God in a soul; God in a manger; God in a little babe, yes, and God again in a gypsy boy! The spirit of the Infinite within. That is it. Have you ever seen a mother with her beautiful babe, a young mother? One of the sweetest sights this

side of the Gates of Pearl, is to see a mother with her first baby. Her heart is its nursery, its world. She loves that baby by day and by night. She loves that baby. She coaxes it, fondles it, feeds it, pities it, watches it, and the days pass and the weeks pass and the months pass and presently, baby, coaxed, fondled, wooed by the mother-heart, baby lisps 'Dada.' Just like that God's great nursing Mother of the Skies, the Holy Spirit, comes down into the penitent, surrendering, obedient, believing heart and coaxes it into saying 'Abba, Father,' my Lord, my God—the witness within. Have you got it? If you have not got it, God help you to be honest and say so and fall on your knees in secret to-night. Seek it now. Don't live another day without it. It is your blood-bought inheritance. Don't live another hour without the assurance. It belongs to you. Go and claim it; and you shall have it before you leave this place if you will surrender and trust. God help you to do it.

"Listen! It is the devil's business to keep you outside of assurance, and just as long as you are kept outside of joy and confidence, so long you will be of no use as a definite Christian worker. You will be a shadow, driven, tossed hither and thither, tossed hither and thither by every wind that blows, and the moment you enter into assurance and put down your feet with confidence and cry out and say, 'Father, my Saviour!' the devil will tremble. May God help you to get there to-night. It is for you.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVIVAL IN WALES.

"Religious certainty is the certainly of religion. About two years ago I was conducting a mission

in the Rhondda Valley, in South Wales. I could only give nine nights and days, just then, to that section of the revivals going on in Wales, but in those nine nights nearly 1,400 people, mostly men, gave themselves to Jesus Christ. It was a wonderful movement. I sat one morning dealing with my mail in the home of a local magistrate. The house was on the side of one of those lovely Welch mountains of the Rhondda Valley. Below was a little smoky town. And on the other side of the valley a mountain towered up into the sky. I opened the letters and came across one which said something like this: 'Three months ago I heard you preach in (naming the city). I have never had a day's peace since, for the message you brought revealed to me my sin. And although I have abandoned my sin'—and he told me of a double life, an evil life, although he was a successful business man. He told of a splendid business and his beautiful wife and children. Then he told of the depth of sin into which he had fallen—'and though I have abandoned it three months ago, which seems as though the hell of it were in my soul, I cannot get rid of it night or day. You were the man that brought the message which pierced my soul to the quick and revealed my sin. Do you think there is any hope for me? Do you think that God will have mercy on me?' I laid the letter down and looked out of the window. The snow was falling rhythmically, poetically falling, and I watched it dancing before my window. I watched it until I thought I saw a little snowflake pause midway and then I thought I heard it speak to that mighty mountain in front of me and I thought the little snowflake said to the mountain: 'O mountain, I am only a little snowflake, I want a place to rest. If I fall can you bear

me?' And then I thought that that old mountain groaned out of its eternal depths and said, 'Little snowflake, I have my roots in God. Fall on me and see.' And then I penned my little parable to my friend a hundred miles away and waited. And later a letter came in which said, 'Thank God! I am on the mountain, and the mountain bears.' Can a mountain bear a snowflake? Can the ocean bear a bubble? Venture on Him. He made the snowflake and the mountain and the ocean and you, and died for you and loves you to the breaking of every fetter and the snapping of every chain; and to-night he will make you a new creature, if you will but trust Him. God bless you. Let us pray."

TALKED TO 500 WOMEN IN THE AFTERNOON.

At four-thirty o'clock, Gipsy Smith addressed a woman's meeting at the Central Congregational Church. About five hundred women of the church directly interested in the movement were present. The Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, the pastor, presided, and the following ministers took part in the meeting: the Rev. Dr. John Carson, the Rev. Dr. J. Wesley Hill and the Rev. J. B. Ely of Philadelphia.

Gipsy Smith said: "Somebody says: 'Well, I can understand Jesus being at peace in His sorrow. He was the Son of God,' and then does not He say to you, 'Learn of me,' and if Jesus Christ came for anything He came to make you and me triumph, triumph, and to-day, if you will put Him to the test, you may receive His peace. So that while you are in arms, you will be in peace. And while there is surging around you storm and tempest in your soul, the peace of God,

which passeth all understanding will be a blessed, real fact.

"Have you ever noticed that little, striking sentence in the tenth chapter of Acts, when Paul and Silas were let out of prison? You remember their experience? They had been beaten and put in the inner prison and their feet made fast in the stocks. When they were liberated and went to the house where the people of God were assembled, it says, 'And they comforted the brethren.' Why, you would have thought that Paul and Silas were the men who needed comfort. They had been beaten. Their backs were sore and smarting, and they hadn't got over the restless night. But these two men who had been suffering for Christ's sake found a few Christians in a prayer meeting—and that is not an uncomfortable place—and they comforted the brethren.

ONLY THOSE WHO SUFFER KNOW HOW TO COMFORT.

"What does that teach? This: that only those who suffer know how to comfort. It is because Jesus suffered that He knows how to succor those who pass through pain and tears and darkness and loneliness. And then when you have received the comfort, where God comforts His people, and you are able to sing,

I have found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain.
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain,
I have found a branch of healing
Near every bitter spring,
And a whispered promise stealing
O'er every broken string.

"I have found it easy to go forth and wipe the tears away, and it is easy for you to teach grief how to sing. If it hadn't been for a certain experience of George Mathewson, that was born out of grief, out of disappointment, out of the breaking up of the alabaster of his own ambition, and the castles in the air, the shattering of all that he had pictured and hoped and fancied; it was born when that physician put his hands on his shoulders and looked in his face and said, 'If there is any face you want to see again, go and look at it quickly. Brace up and be a man. Hold yourself together, for your sight is nearly gone and you will never get it again. If there is any face you want to look at for the last time hurry away and look at it for you will never see it again.' And then he went and shut himself up and he wrote to her whose face he wanted to see and told her and she cut him adrift forever. And then he sat down to face his grief and his tears in the disappointment, and out of the Gethsemane, and from the Calvary of his own grief, and heartbroken, he sat down and wrote the well known verse beginning with the line,

O, love that will not let me go
I rest my weary soul on thee.

"The world has got that comforting message out of the heartbreak and the agony and tragedy of the human soul.

CHRIST THE BEST FRIEND IN SORROW.

"When you are in sorrow you do not want a flippant person to talk with you. You want somebody that has been through the mill; somebody that does not want

to talk. You do not want chatter; you want somebody who will hold your hand and be silent, and that is enough. And nobody knows how to do that like Jesus Christ. Aye, brethren, tired and weary, I went home last night, too tired to say my prayers. Perhaps you do not take that in. I have been talking sometimes four times and sometimes five times a day since the 2d of October, besides the thousands of miles I have traveled and besides the many interviews and correspondence. We had four meetings on Sunday and three yesterday, and I went home too tired to pray. And if somebody had come along and said, 'How do you feel?' I should have taken it almost as an insult. I didn't want anybody to ask me anything. I was just worn out. And I threw myself on the bed and said, 'Good night, Blessed Jesus.' We are on the same old terms; it is all right, it is all right. Even when I am spent I am by Him, for I am spent out in His service, and one of the joys of life is to wear yourself out for Christ. Did you ever get tired for Jesus? You may have got tired because you have danced all night, or sat up all night playing cards or because of the social round and all the rest of it, but did you ever get tired serving Jesus and helping broken hearts, and giving light and hope and inspiration to the Christless and the broken and weary lives about you? Listen! That is the toil which will tell for time and eternity. That is the toil.

THOSE WHO WILL NOT SERVE CHRIST.

"That is an awful thing, an awful sentence in the world which was read you, 'and these shall go away into eternal punishment.' What for? Have they been very wicked? No. Have they been unorthodox? No. Have they stopped away from church? No. Had they been heathens? No. Had they been reprobates? No. Then what? They had had it in their power to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to visit the sick, to light the prison cell, and they were too self-centered to do it. That is all. That is all. And Jesus said: 'You did not do it to them and you missed me in not doing it to them. And because you didn't help me to make the world brighter and because you didn't help me to dry tears, to comfort and feed and clothe and save the lost, because you did not do it in your power and would not, ye shall go away.' That is awful, but it's there.

"Sisters, get to work. Go and comfort somebody before you get your supper. Never mind a meal, if you miss a meal in order to do it. There is religion in it and it will live forever. O, Lord Jesus, teach me that I may teach. Lead me that I may lead; feed me that I may feed; fill me that I may flow, Amen."

WHAT GOOD THING SHALL I DO?

In the nineteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, running on from the sixteenth verse, is told the story of a young man, possessed of all those things that go to make the physical life easy and pleasant, who felt a vague unrest, a realization of something lacking, and who came to Jesus that his problem might be solved. He asked the Saviour, "Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" And Jesus answered and commanded him that he keep the commandments, reciting, in answering to a second inquiry, the commandments themselves. And the young man answered Him and said that all these things had he done, and asked what yet he lacked. And the Master answered, saying:

"If thou wouldst be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come follow me."

And, and these words, telling of the young man's action, Gipsy Smith emphasized: "He went away."

On those three words, "He went away," the gypsy based a powerful sermon, one that was for the sinner entirely without the fold and for the laggard, the backslider within the church as well.

The man, he said, came earnestly; he came running; he came on his knees; he came prayerfully, but—he went away. A man of high rank, of great possessions

of culture and refinement, of education and of intelligence—put to the test, he went away.

To this man Gipsy Smith compared the man and the woman of to-day, who seek earnestly, perhaps, feeling the lack and the need of something they have not yet known, yet, who when put to the test, compelled to surrender, to sacrifice, to abandon for Christ fail miserably and like the young man of St. Matthew's epistle, go away from their Saviour.

He pointed the fallacy of hoping for perfect success, perfect content, perfect peace through any other means than complete surrender to Christ, and he pointed out the futility of the young man's life after that night, a life that was lacking and lacking in that which neither birth, riches, friends, position could supply.

He made his words count and when he asked those who were willing to make the surrender, to give themselves absolutely and without reservation to the service of the Master, to rise and then to go to the inquiry room, scores responded to the call, and among the number were young and old, but most were young men.

The church was crowded, as it had been every night that week, which meant that it gave up its every inch of floor room to those who wanted to hear the gifted gypsy and was unable to contain hundreds more who fain would have heard him.

During the first minutes of the service Gipsy Smith asked those who had attended previous meetings to raise their hands. Hundreds of hands went up. "Now," he said, "I want every one of you to leave your seats and go into the overflow meeting, in order that those who have not heard me and who are seeking to may have an opportunity." Few rose to obey his words,

but he told the rest flatly that if they didn't go he would leave the church and make his address in the chapel, where the overflow meeting was to be held, so hundreds went and a similar number crowded in the spaces thus left vacant.

But even then hundreds were unable to get in. It had been suggested that during the remaining nights of Gipsy Smith's mission the choir be dispensed with. A choir is not necessary now. The great audiences that the gypsy is drawing can sing themselves and they drown the voices of the choir every night, the members of the choir occupying seats night after night that could be put to better use. The choir has done good work, but it is not needed now. Leader Jacobs is a host in himself. His solos have helped wonderfully in the work and his work in organizing the choir was a great one and greatly appreciated, but the members of the choir occupy seats that should be left vacant for the men and women who are seeking Christ and who should not be denied the opportunity of finding Him.

That night an incident occurred, while the heads of the gypsy's auditors were bowed in prayer during the last minutes of the meeting, that was worthy of note as showing the nature of the man. Far in the rear of the church a woman began to sing in a voice that was indicative of high strung nerves, of great excitement. It was not the time for anything of that sort, and the hymn the woman sung was not familiar. The gypsy called on her to stop, but she persisted. Again he asked her to cease, and again, but she was not to be stopped. Seeing he could not stop her, the gypsy began to sing "Nearer My God to Thee," and his audience took up the familiar words, the excitement was

quelled, and the meeting glided as smoothly and as calmly to its close as though there had been no hysterical interruption.

TEXT OF CENTRAL CHURCH SERMON.

Gipsy Smith said:

"You will find the text in the Gospel of St. Matthew, chapter xix. Let me read from the 16th verse. 'And behold, one came to Jesus and said what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life? And He said unto him, why askest thou Me concerning that which is good. There is none good but one, that is God, but if thou wouldst enter into eternal life, keep the commandments. He said unto him, which? And Jesus said thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness; honor thy father and thy mother, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. The young man saith unto Him, all these things have I observed, what lack I yet? Jesus said unto him, if thou wouldst be perfect go and sell what thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come follow me. But when the young man heard that saying he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions.' He had great hindrances. When the young man heard that saying he went away. The text is, 'He Went Away,' verse 22.

"And please, as you read this story of the young ruler, I would have you notice that whichever account you take of him as given by these evangelists, on the surface it does seem as though you were reading of one who was really anxious to follow Christ. The story lends itself to the conclusion that this young

man was in earnest in his search after eternal life. Please remember who he was. Possibly the richest man in the city. He was born well. He had pedigree as well as position and money. He was possibly the most amiable, the most popular and the most attractive man in the city, lovable and moral, sought after and rich, and yet—with all his breeding, with all his refinement and culture, with all his surroundings and wealth, with all his rank and popularity he was hungry, hungry and thirsty for something which all he possessed had not been able to give. He sounded depths within him which alarmed as well as surprised him. There was infinite hunger of the soul which all his rank and all his wealth and all his fame had not been able to supply. Listen! We are told that the young man came to Jesus, and that is something at any rate. If a man honestly comes to Christ for inquiry that is something, and I do not think we make enough of the coming. I do not think we emphasize what an important thing it is when a man honestly moves toward God, for no man will come unless he is drawn, and they do not all come when they are drawn.

WORKING OF THE SPIRIT WITHIN.

"'No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost.' No man will desire Jesus without the presence and power and working of the Holy Spirit within him. No man hungers for the infinite without the Holy Ghost produces that hunger. You have not a thought of desire for God, an upward looking toward God without that being the direct result of the working of the spirit within. 'The natural heart is enmity against God. It is not subject to the law of

God,' says the apostle, 'neither indeed can be. They that are in the flesh cannot please God,' and if a man looks up and wants, desires, thirsts, hungers for better things, it is because the Spirit is working within him!

"And so—listen! If you have in these days. O man immortal! a desire for God, follow the desire. It is the working of the Spirit within you. Don't quench it. Don't resist it. I pray you quench not that look that turns Godward. Quench not that desire for God. Follow that desire and let the look lead you to Him. For, 'no man,' said Jesus, 'can come to me except the Father draw him." This man came. And, listen! Coming to Jesus is not going to church; coming to Jesus is not going to man. This man sought Jesus and it was open daylight and it was through the busy street, and everybody knew him and they looked and wondered and probably criticised, for I dare say his conduct aroused a great deal of gossip and contempt and ridicule.

"But what of that? He came, and I want to say this: there are some of you, with all your movement, with all your coming and going from the place of the holy, with all your singing of these lovely songs and joining in this magnificent procession to and from the House of God, some of you have never really taken one step toward Jesus Christ.

"There has been movement, but not toward Him. This man came to Jesus, not to the disciples, not to the preacher, not to the people about Christ but to Jesus. He came to the fountainhead, and mark, listen! he not only, but 'He's coming running,' running. It was not sufficient for him to walk; he was so much in earnest that he ran; he gathered his royal robes about him and he ran. What did he care about peo-

ple? He was hungry, his soul was at stake, life was in the act, and he ran.

WHAT ONE MUST DO TO INHERIT ETERNAL LIFE.

"Oh, have you got a little taste toward Christ and good things? You ran after other things. You ran to the world; you ran to the theater; you ran to the football match. You have got haste enough for other things. Listen to me! Oh, give me your ear for a moment! Will you, men and women; we will be gone in just a few moments into the great eternity. Listen to me! Let your soul listen, for it is life and death with some. You have been in a hurry for other things have you ever been in a hurry for Christ? This man came running, running. He not only came running, but he came kneeling, kneeling. He got on both knees and he came praying. And he seemed honest, for he laid bare his heart. He said, 'What shall I do to inherit eternal life?' and in the word 'do' he showed he was wrong, that he didn't understand it at all; and Jesus seems to say, 'If it is doing you want; if you think you can get it by doing, I will soon show you that you are on the wrong line.' And so He says, 'If you would have life, keep the commandments,' and he said, 'Which?' Jesus said, 'Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not bear false witness; honor thy father and thy mother,' and he looked at Jesus and said, 'Master, Master, there is something wrong somewhere. I have done all these and I have not got it. What is wrong? Where does the mischief lie? Where is the missing link? I have done this and that and the other, and yet I am not right. What is it?'

"'Oh,' said Jesus, 'if thou wouldst be perfect you must surrender all and take me. I am life, I am life—follow me!'

"Listen! He looked at his wealth and his possessions and then he looked at Jesus—his wealth and Jesus. Listen! He came running, he came kneeling, he came praying, he came apparently honest, he seemed as if he were enthusiastic, scared, seemed ready for anything. He looked as if he would do any mortal thing that was commanded of him. As though there could not be anything too big to attempt, and yet when he comes to the crucial moment, the deciding hour to surrender, 'he went away,' And this is the story, and you have got his history in three words: 'He went away.'

THE SINS OF OMISSION.

"The story might have read very differently. He could have made it read so that it would have been an anthem, a pean, a jubilee, but it is a dirge instead, that Jesus wanted him to take that day he might have written a gospel. He might have been an evangelist. We might have had an epistle from him. If in his official capacity he had stepped over the line and surrendered to Jesus Christ he might have swept tens of thousands into the Kingdom with him. But all that is lost because, 'He went away.' And, listen, man! You will be held responsible at the Great White Throne not only for what you have done, but for what you ought to have done and what you would have done had you been right with God. There are sins of omission as well as sins of commission.

"Oh, believe me, believe me, there are great numbers in this house whose history is wrapped up in

these three words, 'He went away.' You have been doing it all your life. You had been coming and going, seeing and refusing, understanding and despising, illumined and yet sinning against the light, listening to the voice of God and refusing to respond, knowing your duty and turning your back on it, lifted to the Gates of Pearl beneath the superior weight of a vast opportunity and yet going down. Don't you see how high you can climb only to fall into an infinity of horrors? Don't you see how high you can climb, I repeat, only to fall? Don't you see how far it seems that you may come and yet get nowhere? Don't you see how much it is possible to seem to know and yet to be a fool? Don't you see how much it seems possible to possess and yet to be a pauper spiritually? Don't you see that your privileges may be great and your condemnation all the greater because of your advantages and opportunities? Listen! Fancy talking to Jesus and then leaving Him; fancy being so close to Jesus that He could put His arms around you, and then leaving Him! Fancy praying to Jesus and then turning your back on Him! Fancy living with Jesus and not to know Him! Who did that? Judas. Judas lived with Him for three years and then sold Him. Some of you are selling Him for less than Judas sold Him for. Judas did get a field out of the bargain. How much are you getting? Fancy dying in the presence of the Son of God and not to know Him. Who did that? The thief on the cross. You may come very close to Jesus and yet leave Him and go out into the dark.

WORLDLY HONORS DECEPTIVE.

"'He went away.' Where did he go? Back to his possessions? What could they do for him? They didn't satisfy him; they could not. Having looked into the face of Jesus and having heard His words his possessions would only aggravate and tantalize. They might excite, but they could not satisfy. No, my brethren; magnificent surroundings cannot feed the man within. Fine clothes and diamonds and opals cannot satisfy the soul. Tables laden with the viands of many lands, decked with flowers, cannot feed the immortal spirit. Houses and lands, horses and carriages and automobiles and your wealth and friends cannot allay the storm within or appease the guilty conscience. It takes God to do that, and God alone. Back to his possessions? They would only be so many weights that would drag him down into outer darkness. Where did he go? Back to his worldly honor? Worldly honors don't feed the spirit, or give the spirit rest. Worldly honors do not soothe the troubled sea within, worldly honors cannot hush the tempest and still the storm. It takes more. Public opinion is a poor thing to rest on. It is not to be trusted. It is the most unsatisfactory thing in the world. It will crown you to-day and hang you to-morrow, and though the papers of the land ring with your praise one day, you make a blunder and the world will hound you like a felon, and forget a quarter of a century of service on its behalf. Worldly honors are deceptive and subtle. Jenny Lind, when she could go to sleep soft with a nation's praise and on a couch covered with flowers, the idol of all, had an album given to her by some one

who said, 'Please write in it.' She picked up her pen and wrote:

In vain I seek for rest in all created good;
It leaves me still unblest and makes me cry to God.
Ah, sure at rest I cannot be until my soul finds rest
in Thee.

"That is the place for rest—God. Your soul is built of the material out of which God builds the eternities, and it will need God to satisfy it. No, no, my brethren; it is more than possessions you want. It is not a bigger house you want; it is not more popularity you want, it is Jesus, more of Jesus. Jesus alone can satisfy.

Fade, fade each earthly joy; Jesus is mine.
Break every tender tie; Jesus is mine.

NO REST EXCEPT IN JESUS.

"That is the secret of peace, that is the secret. All that my soul has tried left but an aching void; Jesus has satisfied, Jesus is mine. And you can get rest nowhere else. You may turn your back on Him, but that is not the way to satisfy. That is the way to ruin. You can go away, but that means destruction. You may turn your back on the Son of God, but that means remorse and guilt and condemnation. You may refuse His love and service and to follow Him, but that means hell. Your only hope for two worlds, this and the next, is keeping your face toward Him and your heart centered on Him. Where did he go? Back to his friends? His friends were as badly off as he.

He didn't find what he wanted in his friends. If he had he would not have left them and turned away from them and sought Jesus. No, the friendship of the world cannot feed the immortal spirit. The soul will be on the tramp when eternal ages are on the move and when earthly friends and possessions and opinions and so-called pleasures have perished. The soul will be on the march, and, O Christ, my soul needs Thee! 'My soul thirsts for Thee in a dry and a thirsty land, where no water is. My soul followeth hard after Thee.' And then when that is the case take up the language of the same psalmist and say, 'My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness.' For the man and the woman who follow Jesus there is joy ineffable here and joy eternal beyond.

"Once more, listen! Where did he go? Come now, follow me. Where did he go? Did he go to heaven? Did this young ruler go to heaven? Did he? You must remember that he left Jesus and Jesus beholding him as he went away loved him and was sorry for him, and I believe if Jesus could have compromised He would have compromised that day to have saved that young ruler, but He loved him too much to compromise. He could not and be God. Do you think he went to heaven, I say? Now come, hear me! Jesus said, 'No man cometh to the Father but by me.' He left Jesus. Jesus said, 'I am the door. By me if any man enter in he shall be saved.' He left that door. Jesus said, 'He that entereth by some other way is a thief and a robber.' He left God's way. Do you think he is in heaven? Would you like to know? I have tried in my imagination to go up through the air to the gates of gold, up into the world of light. I have

looked for this young ruler in the 'many mansions,' and I could not find him in the 'many mansions.' He turned his back on Jesus and He prepares the mansions. And I looked for him in the throng that John saw that no man could number that washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb, and he certainly was not there, for he left God's Lamb. He left Him; turned his back on Him and went away. He refused Him. He chose his pleasures of the world, and time instead of eternity. He took the lower instead of the higher. He was contented with that perishable and refused the things that will live forever. He clung to earth. And when I could not find him there, I in my mind, went to Jesus and, kneeling humbly, I said, 'O, Master, blessed Master, where is the young ruler? I have looked for him in the "many mansions" and I can not find him, and I looked for him in the throng that washed their robes, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, and I could not find him. Master, where is he? The last time I saw him he was in the meeting on his knees. He seemed to be enthusiastic to be saved. He did seem to be in earnest. O, Mastr, where is he?' And I thought I heard the Master say, 'Don't you know? He went away. He might have been here but he left this when he left me. He turned his back on me. He went away, he went away.'

KEEP YOUR FACE TOWARD THE LIGHT.

"Oh, soul immortal, don't go away. You have gone too far. If you cannot get any nearer don't turn your back on Him. For Christ's sake keep your face toward the light. It may be fatal if you turn away. Fall on your knees, my dear brother, this night, and

pray this prayer, 'Lord, help me! Lord help me!' Do you say, 'I am afraid it is too long. I cannot say it?' Then say, 'Lord, help!' And if that is too long, say 'Lord!' And if you cannot say even that, then look; for 'there is life for a look at the crucified one.' But there is no life in going away. Don't you go away, or you may hear Him say some day, 'And these shall go away.' I don't want to hear Him say that, but it does seem to me that I can hear Him saying to some of you at this moment as He looks down into your soul and knowing that you are enlightened, and knowing that you feel your need and are halting between two opinions, it does seem that I can hear Jesus saying to some of you as you watch this young ruler going away, I fancy I hear Him say, 'Will ye also go away?' And there is a heartbreak in the question. 'Will ye also go away?' What is your answer to Him? Will you say, 'Lord, how can we go away?' I will not. 'Thou hast the words of eternal life; I will follow Thee, my Saviour.' God help every man in the house this night to take an honest, intelligent, whole-hearted step a little nearer to Jesus. Let us pray."

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes;
There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes;
There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes
To gather His loved ones home;
To gather His loved ones home (safe home).
There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes
To gather His loved ones home.

This is one of those simple, swinging, convincing songs of which the reiterant themes have caused so many to see the error of their ways. The great throng that was seated in the pews and that was standing in the rear aisles of one of Brooklyn's greatest churches sang the words over and over again under the direction of Chorister Jacobs.

It has a catchiness about it that only Ira Sankey could put into a gospel hymn. The force of it grew apace and after the simple words had been sung several times, every one was singing—not only those in the church auditorium, but those who were crowded in the corridors beyond the rear walls. And those who could not sing kept time with their feet or swayed their heads back and forth to its rhythm.

When Chorister Jacobs had decided that the crowd had sung it with all the power of their lungs and were about to desist, Gipsy Smith jumped to his feet and in his soft, melodious voice commenced it all over again. The people could not keep from humming it with him, and when he had finished the first verse, he shouted: "Now, let it out!" And again the vast audience burst into powerful song.

"That's a great song," shouted Dr. Cadman when the last notes of it had died away. "By the way you people sing it, I know that you like it. It is a regular old-fashioned revival song. It was written by our beloved Sankey—the world-citizen of Brooklyn. Sankey, as you all know, was stricken in his old age with blindness. He is deprived of the sunlight in his declining years, yet I know his heart would thrill were he to hear how you have sung his old song, and he would have uttered with the psalmist, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley——'

"I want all of you here who are thankful for this song and who would like to send a word of cheer and thanksgiving to the author of it, to listen attentively to what Gipsy Smith has to say, and then send your greetings through him to Sankey. Gipsy Smith——"

"I want to tell you something about your beloved citizen," began the evangelist. "When he and Moody were conducting their first great evangelical campaign in London, I was a mere boy in my father's tent. Sankey was staying with a friend of his near the locality in which our camp was pitched. One day he was driven to the camp by his friend. He desired to look us over, especially as he had heard that some of us were converted. He wanted to see a converted gypsy.

"I remember one little fellow in that camp who clung to the wheels of the trap in which Sankey and his friend had driven up. He seemed very anxious to see the great man, and Sankey, in his kindly way, put his hand on the little fellow's head and said: 'May the

Lord make this little boy a preacher.' That little boy stands before you to-day—Gipsy Smith. Now, all of you who wish to send greetings to Sankey through me raise your hands and then say amen!"

Hands went up "in a jiffy" and there was a thunderous and unanimous "Amen!"

This old song was a fitting prelude to the sermon on faith that Gipsy Smith delivered that night before the eager audience. He chose the story of Paul and Silas who had been thrown into the prison of Philippi for having effected conversions to the new faith and for having cast out a spirit of divination. That portion of the story chosen by the evangelist embodied the soul-harrowing experience of the jailer during a violent earthquake that shook the foundations of the prison, swung open all the doors and loosened all of the prisoners' bands.

The jailer was awakened from his bed and seeing the prison doors open, drew out his sword and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, "Do thyself no harm; for we are all here." Then he called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" And they said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

"What shall I do to be saved?—that question of the jailer, and the answer of Paul—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved—together with the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of John are classic" said the gypsy. "Ministers have been wont to hurl these two at everybody who has cried out for guidance to the Lord, and thereby they have made a grave mistake. For there is the faith that damns as well as the faith that saves. Each case should be diagnosed separately and when you ask Paul the question of the jailer you must be prepared for the counter question—What is your sin?

"If it is infidelity, you must cast it out; if it is soothsaying and lying, you must discard them, if you are possessed of the devil of respectability, you must drive him from you. No matter what your sins—drink, gambling, uncleanliness, pride—you must relinquish them. You can't have the faith that saves and hang onto your sins. For salvation comes to you not so much through the love of God as it does from the holiness of God. We have preached the love of God so much that I often think the people must be love-sick. It is the holiness of God—the Holy Father who hates sin. Faith is a mockery as long as you hang onto sin." The full text of the sermon was as follows:

THE EVENING SERMON.

Gipsy Smith said: "You will find the text in the book of the Acts of the Apostles, Chapter xvi. Let me read to you four or five verses beginning at the twenty-fifth verse: 'And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them. And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison was shaken, and immediately all the doors were opened, and everyone's bonds were loosed, and the keeper of the prison awakening out of his sleep and seeing the prison doors open, he drew his sword and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisonrs had fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice saying: 'Do thyself no harm

for we are all here.' Then he called for a light and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out and said: 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?' And they said: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' Listen! 'And they spake unto him the word of the Lord.' The question of the jailer and Paul's answer will be the text: 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?' And they said: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'

"For nearly fifteen years this sermon was simmering in my mind and heart. For nearly fifteen years I wanted to preach from this text, and felt afraid. I could not get round it. I felt I had not gripped the truth sufficiently to handle it in public, and so I waited patiently until I felt I could. I heard three or four sermons preached from these words, but they did not satisfy me. Not that they were not good sermons. They were. But they didn't in my opinion and in my judgment do justice to the text and the context of these words. I read several sermons, too, and, while they were good from the standpoint of sermons, they did not clear up the situation; and so I waited and prayed. And while I do not profess to stand up here and presume that I have learned all there is to be learned from these words, I do think I have a common sense view of the situation, and I pray God to help me speak and you to listen, for I have two hopes, two purposes in view in this service. First of all, I want to be faithful to my Lord and His word, and, secondly, I want to take every one possible out of this congregation into the land of peace and rest, as the result for your quiet attention, your prayerful attention?

HOW PAUL WOULD ANSWER TO-DAY.

"Let me say to begin with: Suppose Paul were the teacher. Suppose Paul stood where I do at this moment and somebody got up on my right and said: 'Paul I am an anxious inquirer. What must I do to be saved?' and suppose, encouraged, inspired by that question, somebody over here to my left, got up and said: 'Paul, my heart is broken and burdened with sin, and I want to be a better man. What must I do to be saved?' And suppose somebody just here were to get up and say: 'Well, Paul, my life is not what it ought to be. I know I am not living as God wants me to live. What must I do to be saved?' And then somebody over yonder got up and said: 'Paul I have had a checkered career and I would not like to say how my life has been lived. God knows and I know. What must I do, Paul, to be a Christian? What must I do to be saved?' What do you think Paul would say? Ninety-nine times out of every hundred the answer to my question would come back. He would just say what he did say to the Philippian jailer. No, that is where we blunder. Paul would only say the same thing when the conditions were identical with those of the Philippian jailer. This text has been made a great classic together with John iii, 16. We have hurled these two verses at everybody, no matter what their condition or how their lives have been spent. We have hurled them at men and women irrespective of their mental or moral attitude toward Jesus Christ, and have said: Believe! Believe! Believe! The devil believes, but he is not a saint, and yet he believes far more than you and I do. He knows more about the business.

"What would you think of a doctor if he went to a hospital and looked through the door into a ward with twenty people in it, all sick, all in bed, with various diseases, and suffering all sorts of ailments and pains, and wrote out a prescription and said, 'There, take that, all, the lot of you'? I submit that that would be as much common sense as to try to save men and women en masse.

GOD'S PLAN TO DIAGNOSE EVERY CASE.

"That is where we blunder. We are not saved en masse; we are not saved in multitudes: we are saved individually, and God Almighty's plan is to diagnose every case, to study the difficulty, to get to the bottom of the mischief, and out with it into the light and kill it. That is God's plan. That is where we blunder: we have not taken time to deal specifically. That was Paul's method, and that has been the method of all successful soul winners; and if you read that chapter carefully you will see that I am able to prove by the chapter that this is just what Paul did. Listen! He said to these men: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,' and then took him and taught him—what? 'The word of the Lord.' He made him know what believing meant. It was not superficial things that Paul dealt out to the jailer. Do you say, 'Why then did Paul say to this man believe?' Because he was an infidel. He was as blatant as Bob Ingersoll. Jesus Christ was an impostor to this man. He didn't believe in Him. He had been put to death, and here were a few of His followers and fanatics, and they must be put out of the way. He had orders to put them into prison, and he did a

bit of his own; he put them into the inner prison and made them fast in the stocks and 'laid many stripes upon them.' He was a cruel, hard, selfish skeptic, an unbeliever, and when the light flashed in his mind and conscience, and he saw the danger to his soul, in that moment he cried, 'What must I do to be saved?' And Paul said, 'The only thing for you to do is to enthrone Jesus, to believe in Jesus. He has been ambassador to you; now believe in Him. That unbelief is your predominating sin, your damning sin, your dooming sin. Let that go and the others will slink away like a brood of whipped curs. Put Christ in His right place.' Because that was his sin—unbelief.

PAUL AND THE SOOTHSAYER.

"Go back in the same chapter and you have another case. This time it is a woman, not a man, and you will see that Paul dealt very differently with this woman, absolutely different, because her case was different, her condition was different, as you will see. Now listen! There was a woman who brought her masters much gain by soothsaying, and she followed Paul and Silas, and she said 'These men are the servants of the most high God which show unto us the way of salvation.' Why, if she had lived in our day they would have put her on the missionary committee. I am not sure that they would not have made a missionary of her. They would have made her a member of the church and a Sunday school teacher right off. They might have made her a pastor. 'These men are the servants of the most high God which show unto us the way of salvation.' That is beautiful, magnificent. Why don't you make a preacher

of her? 'No,' says Paul, 'the devil can preach, but I refuse to accept the devil's gospel. She has got the devil in her. It is a lying devil; it is a soothsaying devil.' Now, why didn't Paul say to this girl: 'If you will believe, my dear young lady, you shall be saved.' Because she did believe and said so? She had faith of a kind, but it was not saving faith. It was intelligent belief, which means nothing. There is a faith that saves and a faith that damns, and the only thing to say to that girl and the devil in her was 'Come out! come out!' and Paul said it, 'Come out! come out!' That was very different, was it not? But you see Paul was a winner of souls. He studied his case. He didn't write a prescription before he read the diagnosis. Paul put his finger on the pulse and found out; he took time to look at things and found out, and when he was sure he said, 'Come out.'

THE CONVERSION OF LYDIA.

"Go back another verse in the same chapter. It is a woman again, but a very different type of woman. If you had known Lydia you would have been in love with her, beautiful, sweet, popular, attractive. If you could get a woman like Lydia she would be the most popular woman in the church. She would never have had any rows or quarrels where Lydia was. No bickering or falling out at fancy fairs and church socials where Lydia worked. Lydia—why, Lydia went to a week-night prayer meeting. She was religious, and lived up to the light she had got; moral, lovable, sweet beautiful. But she hadn't Christ; with all her morality, with all her social position and religious position among the people and with her great intelligence

she hadn't Christ. She went down to that little place by the river side, where prayer was wont to be made. And one day Paul and Silas came to the meeting and began to speak and to pray. She got a little light, and before she knew exactly all about it, or how it had happened, her heart was touched and Jesus Christ came to her heart, and her soul and her life were surrendered to Christ, every vestige. Every preconceived notion of the past had to be given up and forsaken. All her thoughts of morality, all her own self-righteousness had to be forsaken and torn off, and she yielded to the Christ who died and rose again and her heart was filled with His dear presence. The man has to give up the devil of infidelity, the woman has to give up the devil of soothsaying and lying, and this woman had to give up the devil of respectability and religiousness, and Jesus Christ in all three is to be honored and obeyed, each case on its own merits dealt with by the same Holy Spirit and the living, unchanging word of God until all three are brought into the place of joy and salvation and fellowship with Jesus Christ.

FINDING OUT ONE'S SIN.

"Now, then, if you are anxious to know what you are to do to be saved, my brother, listen! Paul would say, 'Is that question honest?' and if you said 'Yes, Paul,' he would say, 'Tell me, tell me what is your sin? What has kept you from Christ all these years? What has crippled and paralyzed you?' and if you said, 'Paul, if you must know, it is drink,' then Paul would say, 'That drinking devil must give place and you must believe right on the spot where you turn

the devil out;' and you will be saved. And if you said, 'Paul, if I must confess my sin has been gambling,' he would reply, 'Then give up your gambling and believe.' And if you said, 'My sin is uncleanness,' then he would say, 'Uncleanness must go.' It is no good to talk about believing until sin is surrendered. And if you said, 'My sin is pride,' Paul would reply, 'That devil must go, too, for faith without works is dead.'

"We have preached a cheap religion, with a cheapened Calvary in our own thought, but not in God's. I made a statement somewhere last week, and I would like to repeat it: We have preached love until the people are love-sick. Your salvation did not begin so much in the love of God. Oh, I want to make this emphatic. I would like to put every inch of emphasis on this. Your salvation did not begin so much in the love of God as it did in the holiness of God. (Turning to the ministers on the platform): Is that good theology? ('Yes, yes.' Dr. Cadman—'The Holy Father.') Yes, the Holy Father, who hates sin, and because He loves you. That is the idea: because He loves you, while He hates your sin. He gave His son to make it possible for you to be saved. Your faith is a mockery, while you hang on to sin, just as surely as you are sitting there. Your faith is a mockery that does not make you give up wrong. Your faith is not worth the name you call it if it does not help you to abandon the accursed thing.

CASES IN WHICH BELIEF IS A MOCKERY.

"Come, now, I am going to prove my statement. Listen! They took this man and they taught him the word of the Lord. And what happened? What happened? Did he sit there and sing:

I will believe; I do believe?

No, he had something more practical and more religious and more Godly to do than to sit and sing. He got up and 'took them the same hour of the night'—he could not wait until the morning—'and washed their stripes.' That's religion. Don't talk about believing until you have done the stripe-washing. There is a wounded heart somewhere in God's world that you tore to shreds, and you call yourself a Christian and yet you have never taken a step toward helping that broken heart. No, sir, your belief, or so-called belief, is a mockery until you have done the stripe-washing. Some of you have got money in your pocket that does not belong to you, and you call yourself a church member. That money must go back before you are a Christian. Stripe-washing, surrender, disgorge! Believe! What do you believe? What does your belief amount to? It is not worth the noise you make over it, unless it helps you to 'walk humbly with God, and to love your neighbor as yourself.' 'He took them the same hour of the night and washed their stripes.' That is religion. Undo the past; straighten out the crooked places.

HAVE BEEN PLAYING AT RELIGION TOO LONG.

"There is a dear old mother in God's world that some of you are starving to death. She is asking for bread and you are giving her a stone, and you are going to make up for that by putting flowers on the coffin when she is too dead to smell the perfume. Let

your mother feel your love while she is living. Wash the stripes the same hour of the night. We have been playing at religion too long. It is time we got down to business and began to live it. And the next morning he rejoiced in God with all his house. Of course, when he did right; and you will have joy enough when you obey, when you put God in His right place and do your best to straighten out the crooked places, then you will get joy which will flow like a river. I am not saying you will feel like a jailer. I am not asking you to, and I do not want you to do so. Nor am I asking you to feel like any preachers or evangelists, or anybody else. What I am anxious about is that you should do right and God will take care that you shall have an experience of your own that will be precious and beautiful to yourself. Some are looking for an earthquake, but it will never come. They only come where God sends them, and He does not send them everywhere. Some are looking for something tremendous, flash of lightning, to prove you are converted. If you will do the thing that is right, and take God at His word, and believe Him and hang on there by simple, daring faith, believe His word and trust His grace and walk in harmony with His will, though you never get the light and feeling until the gates of day dawn upon you, you will get glory as much as the angels, if you will do right and honor the Christ who loves you by your loving, humble, patient faith. God help you to do it. But how many people stumble right there. They say, 'If I could only feel like Gipsy Smith.' It would not do. There is enough of my kind. It would not do for you to feel like anybody else. If the Lord had meant you to, you would have been somebody else.

"Suppose you could get the jailer and Lydia upon this platform to give their experiences and suppose you had the jailer to give his experiences first. He would step up and say: 'Look here! I can tell you all about it. Mine was a conversion of the right sort.' It is astonishing how many think that everybody ought to be converted just as they were. There are diversities and operations. It is the same spirit; there are differences of administration, but it is the same Lord. I am not asking uniformity of experience; that everybody should have the same feeling and thought and joy, but I am insisting that every man and woman must give up sin and trust Jesus. And if every man and woman of you will do that God will take care that you have your blessed realization of things. The jailer says: 'I tell you, mine was a proper conversion. Look here! There was an earthquake. You ought to have been there. You should have seen the lightning flash and heard the thunder roll on the heels of the lightning. I tell you, mine was a proper conversion. And I can imagine Lydia saying: 'Thank God for an earthquake that will save a man like that.' There was no earthquake when I was converted. In fact I hardly knew how it happened. It was done there by the river side. I went to the prayer meeting that morning down by the river side not in special expectation of anything, and when I got there I found brother Paul preached and prayed, and as the meeting went on I got just a little bit of light, and then a little more, and before I knew it, I cannot tell how, Jesus was in my heart. Aye, that is it; that is it! You will get your own experiences when you submit to the unalterable conditions and surrender and put your faith in Jesus Christ.

CHRIST STANDING READY TO RECEIVE.

"Now will you do it? You know what you have got to give up. Don't tell me you don't know, because if you say that, well—I know what I think. Listen! You are a rational, reasonable, intelligent, educated being; you know God's gospel, you know what God's heaven means and you know what sin is. Will you do it? Will you do it, and then talk about believing. When you empty your heart it will be possible for Jesus to come in.

In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

Why did he bring no price? Because occupied hands could not be clinging hands. If you want Christ, empty your heart and hands of the world's filth and you will get Him—He is here. He wants to come to you. He longs to come to you, and He will come when you submit?

"On my third trip to your country I was conducting a mission in one of your New England cities, and a lady came down one of the aisles bringing her little boy of ten to shake hands with me. The little fellow held out his left hand and held his right hand behind his back. I told him I would not shake hands with a left hand, but he was very obstinate for a while, but at length I persuaded him to bring his right hand from behind him, and then I discovered that he had five marbles in his hand and he was afraid to let go of them. The child had his marbles; you have your idols. With some of you it is a pack of cards. With some the

theater, with some it is drink, with some it is a forbidden thing. You know what it is. You know. Lay hold! Lay hold! Lay hold! of eternal life, and let it be now. Let it be this moment. Let us pray."

FOLLOWING CHRIST ALL THE WAY.

Before the time set for the evening service in the Central Congregational Church 1,000 people were standing on the steps of the church and upon the sidewalk in front of it, and they were singing the hymns of the church, the hymns that some of them never knew before the week before, the hymns that had become dearer to all of them within the last dozen days.

That's the sort of grip Gipsy Smith has taken on Brooklyn. That's the way he has drawn the hearts of Brooklynites to him, for the thousand souls that gathered on the steps and the sidewalks that afternoon did it in order that they might be sure of hearing the gypsy speak that night. They knew they could be certain of nothing after 7 o'clock, and of little after 6 o'clock, so they took no chances, but came early and stayed.

They came from all over the city, from its mansions and from its purlieus. They came in silks and satins and in furs and decked with jewels, and they came threadbare of garment, some of them, but ill protected against the chill winds that swept the streets. But they wanted to hear Gipsy Smith, they wanted more knowledge of the salvation that he has been preaching, they wanted more of the enthusiasm that his words and his spirit impart, and they came and they stayed.

And others came. The thousand were there at 5 o'clock; they had been coming then for nearly an hour. Steadily the throng grew in numbers, gradually it spread its outskirts farther and farther from the church, though the effort of each individual was to keep close to the doors. When those doors were opened more than an hour before the time of the service, the crowd was greater than the church could contain. At that hour hundreds turned away. And they kept coming until after 8 o'clock, when the service had commenced, and it is quite safe to say that more than 2,000 people who sought to hear Gipsy Smith that night were unable to do so because of the physical limits of the church structure.

The gypsy found his text in the first book of Samuel, taking the tenth and remaining verses to the end of the fifteenth chapter for the lesson. The story was of Saul's fall from favor in God's sight and his deposition from his throne and kingdom because of his disobedience of God's command. And the words the Gipsy took out of all the verses were the two, "Slay utterly."

Unreserved, entire, absolute, utter obedience was his theme. And that, he said, meant the forsaking of the theater, the forsaking of the whist table, the conquering of bad temper, of pride, of meanness and of stinginess and selfishness. He made a startling impression with the few words he directed at the theater. Speaking of the fact that people excused it with the half-apologetic, "I think there's no harm in it," he cried:

"Do you think Christ would snicker at the sight of a lot of girls in tights?"

"No!" came the answer from all over the house.

"Do you think Christ would laugh at the loss of a girl's virtue or at the murder of a man?"

"No!" came again in response.

"Would you like to have your child, your daughter, exposed to the damning influences you've been reading of lately, that would disgrace any civilized nation of the world?"

"No!" came the answer, almost roared from the throats of his auditors.

"Then why pay to expose another man's daughter to them; why pay to support that which makes for such results?"

As the force of it reached his hearers they were dumb, for to hundreds within the church it gave a new viewpoint.

"Slay utterly! Turn away from all these things, and if, turning away, you get God's grace within you, you won't want them. For twenty years I have been traveling. I have been around the world once. I have come to America six times. There are few places in Great Britain that I don't know. Yet in all those twenty years no one has invited me to go to the theater, no one has invited me to dance, no one has invited me to play cards, no one has invited me to wine suppers; yet I'm as good a man as you are, as much of a man as you are, and those things would appeal to me as greatly if it were not for the grace of God. 'Ah!' you say, 'they wouldn't insult you.' No, and they wouldn't insult you if they knew you had the grace of God in you, if they believed you were honest Christians. But they know you for what you are, and do you suppose they respect you for being able thus to insult you and the religion you profess, but don't have?"

Although the church was crowded as it perhaps had never been crowded prior to this week of services,

there was utter silence in the place, and it was unbroken until the gypsy ended his sermon with the familiar words, "Let us pray."

Then came his reward. In response to his invitation men and women began to rise to their feet all over the house, and there were more of them men than women. They rose by scores, and among those who had been compelled to stand scores of hands were raised, and when he asked those who were seeking Christ to leave their places and go into the chapel, nearly two hundred obeyed the invitation, and among them were men and women whose shoulders were bowed with years, and whose locks were white, and there were those of whom Jesus said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And there were stalwart youths and men of middle age, and girls in their teens and maids and matrons, and the gypsy's cheeks flushed and his voice thrilled as he prayed God to bless those who had heard and who had answered the call.

At one point in the course of the meeting Gipsy Smith demanded that the two representatives of the "Eagle" who have reported all his meetings since he came to Brooklyn stand up. He said he wanted his audience to see the men who had done the work of giving the Gospel, through the printed pages, to the country at large.

THE SERMON AT CENTRAL CHURCH.

Gipsy Smith read the passage of Scripture I Samuel xv from the tenth verse to the end of the chapter, and then said:

"It is about this part of history that I wish to speak. I think you will agree with me that I am not forcing

any of my own ideas or thoughts in this history. The history suggests what I have to say. For hundreds of years the Amalekites had been a source of trouble and annoyance to the children of Israel. God's decree had gone forth that they should be punished, and now the measure of their iniquity was more than full. Judgment is to overtake them and Saul and his army are to be the instruments of judgment, and the word of the Lord came through the prophets to the king that these sinners were to be wiped out thoroughly, and Saul marshaled an army of 210,000 men and marched off to slay the nation. The battle is over. We have not time to speak of it. Again the word of the Lord came to the prophet, and this time it is changed. There are tears in the words; there are agonies which if you listen for you will hear, and God said—this is what He said about this backsliding, compromising, rebellious, fallen king: 'Saul has turned back from following Me and hath not performed My commandments,' and if you will put your ear close to these words and wait patiently you will hear the sighs and the groans of Gethsemane and of Calvary. It is the old heart-break; it is the old agonizing utterance of God, in utter disappointment over rebellious men. And I know no more pathetic sight outside heaven, or in it, than to see God upon His knees, in tears pleading with rebellious men: 'Saul, the man I anointed, the man I chose, the man I lifted above his fellows, the man in whom I invested so much of opportunity and possibility; Saul, My representative, the man I elected to lead My people, the man I expected to act for Me; Saul, he has turned back from following Me. He hath not performed My commandments.'

WHAT DOES GOD THINK OF US?

"If God were going to read your history and mine, I wonder what He would say? You church members, you office bearers of the church, you people who take communion, you Sunday school teachers and superintendents and Christian workers, if God were going to write on our foreheads, not what we seem to be, but what we are, I wonder how many would sit in church that our neighbors might read God's writing! Brother, sister, for God knows all about us, I wonder what God would say, what He thinks about us, what His own thought is about me. I know what I think about myself, and I tell you, honestly, and God knows I speak the truth, my conscience and the Holy Ghost bear me witness, if you knew me as well as I know myself, I don't think you would listen to me. But He knows, and though I fall again and again, and blunder and make mistakes so often, He knows that when I fall I fall with my face toward what I would be; though I am ashamed of myself every day of my life. And I would appeal to you to pause for a moment, the best of you, and the worst, and ask, 'Am I a disappointment to God? Am I grieving Him? Has God to write anywhere about you and me, "He has turned back," or "She is a backslider"?' That is what He had to say to the king on this occasion. Poor Samuel, He cried unto the Lord all night. He could not sleep. Are you surprised? Do you know that many a Samuel to-day has the same experience? Do you know there are preachers in Brooklyn who know what this is more than once a week? That there are preachers in America and Great Britain who are being sacrificed; who are being killed,

whose hair is turning gray long before it ought to be gray, and are being hurried to the grave and buried long before they ought to be? I will tell you what is killing the preacher: The inconsistency of his flock. The worldliness of his flock. The backsliding of his flock. The want of heart and consecration. That is the thing that kills the preacher. 'Samuel cried unto the Lord all night.'

THE TRIALS OF A PREACHER.

"Every inconsistent church member in Brooklyn is making it difficult for some Godly man to preach; and every consecrated Godly man is making it very much easier for some Godly man to preach and to live the Gospel. I wonder if you are tying the hands of your pastor; if you are living so as to break his heart or to give him joy? 'Samuel cried unto the Lord all night,' and when the morning came, because the secrets of the Lord are with them that fear Him, the Lord told him to go and meet this backsliding king. And he set out to meet him, and when he saw the preacher the king put on his religious face and put on that sanctimonious whine, because there is a very sanctimonious tone now—the Lord deliver us from cant and humbug! And the king struck a pious attitude, lifted his hands and said: 'Blessed be thou of the Lord (he knew the language, if he had lost the spirit); I have performed the commandment of the Lord: What? said the prophet. He said: 'Then where did you get these sheep from? Where did you get these oxen from? Though you have performed the commandment of the Lord, what meaneth the bleating of the sheep in my ears and the lowing of the oxen?' You try to live

a fraud and some day God will make the sheep bleat and the oxen low. And they will be heard at the wrong moment, just when you want to make the most religious profession, and when you want people to believe most in your goodness, and when you want to appear at your best, and you think you have got the past buried and nobody knows, God will speak and the sheep will bleat and the oxen will low.

BLAMING OTHERS FOR ONE'S OWN WRONGS.

"God is on His throne, and there is a word in this book which says 'Be sure your sin will find you out,' and when he was found out he said: 'I did not do it. It was not I. It was the people who did it.' And was not that human nature? Is not that what we have been doing all along: blaming somebody else for our own wrong? If I were to come down to some of you men and some of you women, if I could get you alone, and ask you why you are not a good man or a good woman; why you are not living the beautiful life God meant you to live: whom would you blame? I know the last person you would blame. As a rule we hide ourselves behind anything rather than confess the truth. We are willing to blame anybody and anything rather than ourselves. And just what Saul did you and I do. We want to put the responsibility on somebody else. It is not our fault that things go wrong, that we are not walking with Jesus in the light and having an unbroken fellowship with Him; it is something or somebody else. Is not that the way we argue? One man will blame his parentage, another his upbringing, another his environment, for that's a big word. That is a tremendous word—environment! That is the

thing! We want environment. But men make their own environment, and you do not cure a man of the smallpox by putting him into clean sheets, and you don't change a pig by putting it into a parlor. I know which will change first, and it won't be the pig. I knew a man who was converted, just a tramp. He had been separated from his wife and children five years, and in less than twelve months the man had a decent situation and had got back wife and children and had moved three times in less than twelve months, and each time into a better house. If you are not a good man your wife's husband is to blame. (Laughter.) The person where you sit is the person into whose face you are to look and say: 'You are the meanest thing I have ever had to do with,' because nobody can keep you down if you will go up. I have tried to emphasize that all the week.

DON'T BLAME THE CHURCHES.

"And don't blame the church. Lots of people do. I have heard a man say, and so have these ministers here, 'If you want me to come into your church, widen the doors. If you want to capture me, why, look at me! If you want me in your church, readjust your programme—get rid of the objectionable! Give me a new gospel, a new Bible, a new ministry—widen your doors!' Who is to do these things? Who is to readjust the programme? Who is to write a new programme? Who is to widen the doors? Yes, if you die and rise again in three days, we will let you do it. If you adjust the programme, there will be a theater at one corner, a circus at the other and a prize ring in the middle. I object. I object.

"No, it is not a new church programme you want. I will tell you what it is: Sight, that is what you need. When you have got sight, your mother's Gospel, your mother's Christ and your mother's church will be good enough for you. Oh, says the man, 'Find me a perfect church and I will join it.' I have been round the whole world once, to America six times and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through Australia and Great Britain and South Africa and I have not found a perfect church yet. I am glad of it. If I found a perfect church I would have to stay out. But I am trusting in a perfect Saviour. You had better go to a South Sea Island, where there is no one, and found a church of your own, and when you get there it won't be perfect five minutes. It is about the lamest excuse ever heard.

FOR THOSE WHO FIND FAULT WITH THE CHURCH.

"The church is not a place where perfect people are. The church is made up of people who want to be better and who are honestly striving to be better. 'Oh, but,' you say, 'there are black sheep in it.' Yes, and there are more in the world, the world is bigger. And there are frauds in your trade. Why don't you quit it? Some of you are on Wall street. There are frauds there. Why don't you leave Wall street? There are some queer people living on your avenue. Why don't you quit living there and go somewhere where the people are all perfect? If you want a perfect world, make a little planet of your own and live on it. (Laughter) Listen! Is not the whole source of the mischief, the real bottom business of the whole of your position that you 'love darkness rather than light,' now? Isn't it? Don't you blame the church and don't you blame

the minister, for the ministers are only men, and I know no better set of ministers in this world than those I have found in your country. They are like brothers; they have stood by me shoulder to shoulder, and have sought to strengthen my arm and made it possible for me to reach and make a harvest of souls, and when the Lord distributes the laurels the ministers of America will get their share out of this campaign. Don't you blame them, and don't you blame the devil because the devil cannot make you sin. He can tempt you, that is his business, but he can't make you yield. No man yields until he consents, and somehow or other till you are gray-headed you have resisted the appeals of the Father, the appeals of the Son and the appeals of the Holy Ghost. You have resisted the appeals of the Bible, the church, of mother and father, brother and sister and wife and husband and children. You have resisted all the tender, pathetic coaxings of Calvary and the warnings of Sinai, and when you want to you can resist the devil by the same will. No, if you are not a saved man or a saved woman it is because you are content to be the other thing.

FOLLOWING JESUS ONLY HALF WAY.

"If you read this history a little closer you will see what God means when He says, 'Slay utterly, slay utterly.' All the trouble came into this man's life because he was not willing to go all the way with God. He was prepared to go part of the way, but not all the way. He said, 'We have killed the worst, but we saved a few sheep, a few prize cattle, and these are for religious purposes. These are for the collection. Surely there is no harm in a few sheep or a few oxen

when you are going to use them for religious purposes.' But God had written 'Death' on them, and it was his business to obey, and not to dictate to God. It was his business to do as he was told. Oh, brother; oh, sister, the same thing exists to-day with multitudes of people in Brooklyn and New York and in every large city in America, and it is because it exists in the churches that I am so sad and my heart quakes with fear. We are willing to follow Jesus just as long as it pays and just as long as we can have our way and choose our own path. But how many of us are prepared to take the rugged path or the steep places, the thorny places, the lonely places, the conspicuous places that will bring ridicule and opposition—how many of us?

THE THINGS THAT ARE DOUBTFUL.

"I pause that you may think how many people in our churches are doing this thing that is doubtful and the other thing that is questionable and something else they do not find in the Bible. They say, 'There is no harm in this, everybody does it!' 'This is artistic.' 'This is educational—poetic. No harm there surely.' You never hear people say there is no harm in reading your Bible, or in going to church, or in going to prayer meeting, or in paying old debts, or being Christlike; but what a lot of people you hear say, and often church people, 'There is no harm in the theater.' What about your law case that is on? Do you think that Jesus would go and sit and giggle over a woman's lost purity and the murder of a man? I pause; I want you to think. Do you think Jesus would go to giggle with a lot of girls dancing in tights in front of Him? Do you think the Man of Sorrows would do that? Do you

think He would? Do you think Jesus would do that? 'If a man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his.' 'Slay utterly, slay utterly!' Would you like your children exposed to that, my brothers?

"Tell me, sister, would you like your sweet child exposed to the awful damning influences that you have been reading of in your newspapers lately, which are a disgrace to any civilized country in the world? (Applause.) Tell me. Is there anybody who dare speak out? (A chorus, 'No.') Then why pay to expose another man's child? 'Love thy neighbor as thyself?' That is the spirit of the Bible, of the New Testament. O God, save the theater-going church people. You may think I am old-fashioned. I have been dealing with lost men and women for a quarter of a century and I know too much, my heart has been torn with too many stories to keep my mouth shut. I should be a fraud, and not worthy of the name I bear, and the position I occupy, if I had not the courage of my convictions to speak out against that which is robbing my sisters of their purity and my brothers of their manhood.

CHURCHES MUST CALL A HALT ON DANCES AND WHIST.

"Slay utterly. This means the dance, too, and this means progressive whist, too, and believe me, somebody in the churches of America will have to be brave enough to stand up, and with a clarion blast, call a halt, and if the American churches do not call a halt you may read 'Ichabod' on your door posts. 'Thy glory is departed.' 'Slay utterly,' you say; 'you do not live in Brooklyn.' No, I do not, but I have as many friends as you have, and I have not been invited to a party, or a theater, or a dance in twenty years. Nor to a play.

Nor have I been invited to a supper in twenty years. 'Oh, no,' you say. 'Why not?' I am as much a man as you are, and there is as much in me to which these things might appeal, if I had not Christ, as there is in you; why not invite me? 'Oh,' you say, 'we would not insult you.' Exactly, and they would not 'insult' you if you were out and out for Jesus Christ. It is because you are on the 'swither,' as the Scotch say. You are neither on one side or the other, and when you have gone they say: 'He's a pretty Christian!' 'She's a pretty church member!' The Lord save us from the things which rob us of our power for service and of our joy in it. 'Slay utterly.' That is the command. Will you do it? 'Well,' you say, 'I do not know. I shall please myself.' That is what Saul did, and he lost the crown and the kingdom and he lost God. You can please yourself. And God will please himself. Don't you forget it. You may gain a few sheep and a few oxen; a little pleasure and gratification out of the world. You may, and try to get your fill out of it, but if you lose your soul, is it worth it? And I claim, I claim that the man, the woman, who makes a full surrender to Jesus Christ and follows Him fully, does not want these things (cries of 'no, no'). He does not want them. He is getting something better, and he does not want them.

FOLLOWING CHRIST ALL THE WAY.

"It pays to slay, and slaying from a man's bad temper—for bad temper is just as bad as going to a theater. You folks who said 'Amen' before don't say it this time. (Laughter.) That hits you, doesn't it? Some of you old religious cranks who go to every meeting that is held and shout 'Amen'—your temper

is just as ugly in the sight of God as some of these things I have been talking about. And pride is just as bad, and meanness is just as ugly and stinginess is just as bad. There are people who are going to lose heaven because they are selfish and Jesus is going to say to those on the left, 'You are going away to outer darkness' because they had plenty to make other people happy and were too selfish to do it. Where are your 'Amens' now? (Laughter.) The Lord make us practical. 'Slay utterly.' It goes all round, you know. It leaves nothing that is contrary to the will of God. An utter surrender; an absolute surrender. Going all the way, following Jesus wherever He leads, through the Garden and through Calvary. It means no choice of my own but the will of God. 'Slay utterly,' and it pays every time, and the man who does it will come out right.

"I was preaching from these words in a city in England, some time ago, and the next night I received a letter asking for prayer and telling a story of sorrow and tears, and there was no name attached. I waited half an hour after the close of the meeting the next night, hoping the writer would come, but he did not. I prayed for him, anyway. On the Sunday, however, he came to the church and I talked with him in private in a room. He was a handsome man. He said, 'I am the writer of that letter; I am the father of nine children, all of whom are living. My wife is very delicate. I have held a position of trust for thirty years and am looked upon as a respectable citizen. I am a fraud.' He then told me that twenty-five years before he was a gambler and stole $500 from his employer and so 'cooked' the books that the theft was never known. He had never been able to get $500

to repay it, but had never gambled again, and continued: 'You don't know the hell I have been carrying about ever since. Three times I have presented myself to a church for membership, for I wanted to be a good man, but when I got to the church I dared not enter. It seemed as if that $500 stood up and said: "You daren't enter. The sheep will bleat, the oxen will low, and will be heard." The only way to silence them is death. In your sermon you told me to slay utterly.' 'Yes.'

"'That means confession?' 'It does.' 'That may mean exposure?' 'Yes.' 'It may mean prison?' 'Yes, it may.' He then spoke of his wife and children, and I said: 'Don't you see, you don't sin alone. It is not what you do for yourself only, it is what you are doing for other people, too.' He said: 'See what it means for my wife and children! Oh, have pity!' I said: 'Stop a minute. The sin was not against your wife. First of all, it was against God, and you have got to put God in His right place. What are you going to do with Him over this business. You have to get right with God, you have to set everybody else aside and begin with God, prison or no prison, exposure or no exposure, disgrace or no disgrace; God, God, first.'

A THIEF'S CONVERSION.

"I think I see that poor fellow now. He trembled like a leaf in the equinox and then with the tears streaming down his face he cried, 'Thou God of my mother, have mercy on me!' And I dropped to my knees beside him and put my arms around him and tried to help him to pray. At last he said, 'Prison or no prison, Christ for me!' Presently he got up from his knees and I said, 'Have you the same master you

had thirty years ago?' 'Yes,' he said. 'Does he still go to business?' 'Yes, every morning.' 'Then,' said I, 'ask for an interview and I will pray for you. He has kept you for thirty years and you have been a valuable servant. Tell him all your story. How you gambled, how you got into that tight fix, tell him everything, and then say, "Sir, if you can have pity on my wife and children, take so much off my salary each week; but if you cannot then send me to jail." God stands for the man who stands for the right.' And if ever I prayed in my life I prayed that morning, from 9 to 11. I shut myself up to prayer. It seemed as if God was listening and was going to answer. At 5 o'clock I was looking for the man and saw him coming up the street looking for the number of the house. I rushed to the door and called him in. He stumbled up the steps and threw his arms around my neck and we stood and wept together, and when we got inside he said, 'God is good. I told my story. My master listened. He wept with me and when I had told him all he crossed the office floor and got hold of my hand—the hand that did the deed—and said, "Herbert, from to-day you are my friend. I will not only forgive you but from this hour I will raise your salary."'

"Every time I go to that city that man meets me. He is now a local preacher. He came out right because he was prepared to do right before God, and the man who will do that will come out right, if not here, as he thinks, he will come out right yonder, up there.

"Some of you are saying, 'God helping me, I will.' Let us all begin this night to live a little more like what we ought to live. Be a little less like what we have been and a little more like what Jesus would have us to be. Let us pray."

NOT SAVED.

The last service of the greatest evangelistic mission Brooklyn has ever known was held in the Central Congregational Church, and it was a worthy conclusion of the campaign that has been waged by Gipsy Smith.

It was threatening without—in fact, it was raining during most of the evening, but that made no difference. It was sultry and uncomfortably close within the church, but that made no difference. The conditions of weather served only to do one thing, and that was to bring the people even earlier than usual. So early did they come and so early was the church crowded to the point where it could contain not a single human being more, that instead of waiting until 8 o'clock, the usual hour, the service began a few minutes after 7:30, and Gipsy Smith began his sermon with the reading of the text at 7:40.

It was a sermon of entreaty, of tender appeal and loving supplication. There was tenderness and something of sorrow in the gypsy's voice as he addressed those who, at the close of what he termed one of the most remarkable missions God had privileged him to conduct, were yet 'not saved,' and he pleaded with them and prayed with them for the sake of all they held dear on earth, and for Christ's sake, to take the step, to put behind them the things that stood between them and God, to stand up for Jesus, to be Christ's men and Christ's women, Christ's boys and Christ's girls.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved," was the verse he took from Jeremiah for his sermon, but his real text was in its last two words, "not saved."

And fully one hundred more were saved, more than that number rising to their feet at the close of the service in response to the appeal and going with the gypsy to the chapel for the after service.

THE EVENING SERMON.

Gipsy Smith said:

"The lesson is in Jeremiah viii: 20: 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' I shall take as my text the last two words, 'not saved.' I will not ask you to follow me through the textual windings of these words, or to wend through their historical setting, but to think for a few minutes of some things they suggest, coming as they do at the close of one of the most remarkable campaigns which in any twenty-one days—or I should say, sixteen days—it has been my privilege to conduct; days in which thousands of people have intelligently moved toward God; days full of opportunity, full of possibility, full of conviction, of awakening, of regeneration, full of holy resolves and consecration; days full of new joys and aspirations; days that will never be forgotten. Thousands of Christian people will remember these days as times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Ministers are thanking God for these days because in them they have seen gathered the fruit of their days of toiling, weeping and hard work. Tears of joy have coursed down their faces as they have seen young and old for whom they have labored and prayed coming into the Kingdom. Sunday school teachers and superintendents have had the same joy over their Sunday school scholars. Prodigals have been brought to their Father's home and are sitting down to the banquet of love. Backsliders have been restored. The worry and the sin and the broken heart have felt the healing touch of the world's Redeemer, and life for many wears a different face. Golden sunbeams are playing around us, our night has been turned to day, and heaven seems nearer and Christ dearer because of these days full of blessing. And coming as these meetings are, coming to a close, while there is much to cheer and encourage and hearten and gladden, and so much to give hope and make us rejoice, to me—to me there are some things which make my heart sad.

CHURCH MEMBERS WHO ARE NOT CHRISTIANS.

"There's something in the service to-night that saddens me, and it's the thought that there are so many who haven't missed a service who are described by those two words, 'not saved.' And I want you to think of them; I want you Christians to think, and to think of that awful fact. And I want you to pray that that thing may take place to-night which we call conversion, salvation, deliverance from sin and its guilt and its power over those people whom you love so dearly.

"So many love the church, the evangelist, the service, the singing, and yet lack the one thing. And some of you would come up to-night and look me frankly in the eye and say, 'I'm not saved, and I know I'm not saved; but you've hit me hard, and I'll be glad to see you back again. You've brought me close, and I hope you'll come back again, and I'll be glad to see

you.' That's the sad part of it. Beautiful people, talented people, attractive people, but you don't love my Lord, and you're too good to be on the other side! You weaken my hands, you weaken your pastor's hands, you weaken the hands of Jesus all the time you stand in the ranks of the enemy. You're too good to be there! We want you, the church wants you, Christ wants you, the world needs you. Come over and come out of that and ally yourselves with Jesus Christ. God help you to do it. I say that that worries me, and I cannot help it. Believe me, there are minutes when I get to bed that I am in agony. Some face haunts me which I've seen in a service, and God knows I'm speaking the truth when I say it. When I want to sleep, for I'm weary, I'm afraid, for some sad, weary face haunts me, for I know the possessor of it didn't yield to Christ in the service when he ought to have done so. And I think I know quite a little about it. It isn't much, but sometimes it seems more than I can bear. It is quite enough. It is about as much as I can bear. It is enough to kill; just enough. I know it is just enough to make me understand the sad, bitter disappointment of the Son of God when He wept over Jerusalem and said, 'How oft would I have gathered thee but ye would not.' O, unsaved men and women in this house, I pray God you may never meet with a disappointed Christ. It will be an awful moment for you if you do. Here you sit in Brooklyn—in Brooklyn, the City of Churches. You people of Brooklyn have heard its preachers, and here you sit, and on your poor, withered soul is written my text, 'Not saved.'

AN APPEAL TO NON-CHRISTIANS.

"Think of it! And God has brought a gypsy boy from his tent, one who never had your opportunities and advantages, to shame you, to humble you, and he has been trying these days, pleading with you, coaxing you, striving with you, warning you. He has not spared you, he has used all his best powers to win you for Christ, and yet here you sit after all these appeals, and one of the reporters told me to-day, accidentally, that I had spoken something like 60,000 words to the people of Brooklyn in these past few days, pleading, praying, beseeching, wooing, warning words to bring you to Christ; and yet, yet, the heartbreak of it! Some of you are unmoved. You have never shed a tear or felt like it. You have never been moved, really moved. It seems as though God cannot get at you. He calls, but you have so hardened your soul and conscience and heart by sin and worldly pleasures that it seems as if your soul has lost its fine feeling—lost it. And this great big hammer of the Word of God, instead of softening, now when you hear it, hardens and you are 'not saved.' And oh, the love of it! Oh, the height and depth of it! Oh, the length and breadth of it! Oh, the pity and the tenderness of it! Oh, the compassion and the heartbreak of Jesus Christ, the Masterpiece of the Eternities, the Wonder of the Ages, the Warmth of Heaven and the Redemption of Earth, the Song of the Angels and the Hope of Man, the Light of the Eternities and the Deliverance from Sin! Is it nothing to you? You will bolt the door when you get home, you will see that the windows are fastened if it is a cold night, you will not leave a five dollar bill exposed if

you think anybody will steal it, you will lock up your treasures and jewels, you will slip them under your pillow. If you have got anything that is worth a few dollars you will take care of it, and yet expose your soul, and expose your eternal interests and go to sleep without a thought, without a care, and won't give it five minutes' consideration. May God open your eyes that you may see. Love, did I say? The love of it! Ah,

None of the ransomed ever knew
  How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed through
  Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert, He heard its cry,
  Sick and helpless and ready to die.

"Love, did I say? Well might that other poet sing:

Oh, Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head?
  Our load was laid on Thee,
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
  Didst bear all ill for me?
A victim led, Thy blood was shed,
  Now there's no load for me.

"Love, did I say? Well might that other poet sing:

O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
  The love of God to me,
That brought my Saviour from above
  To die on Calvary's tree.

"Love, did I say?

See! From His head, His hands, His feet,
  Sorrow and love flow mingling down.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
  Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

NO ROOM FOR CHRIST.

"Love! Why, when God made the world He did it with words! Words were worlds when He willed. Planets from His finger tips! But when He had to save one world that had got overboard it meant death—it meant Christ's death, and there is nothing some treat with greater contempt. You have not a thought for Jesus. You have room for a dog and you will nurse that, but you have no room for Jesus. You have room for everything else but none for Jesus, and that is the agony of it! Why, if some of you were to fall down fainting and somebody were to rush and help you up, if you were breathless you would say, 'Thank you, thank you,' but Jesus flew from the highest heights in glory to the depths of the depravity of man to lift us up, and some have never said, 'Thank you.' And some of you have gone so far as to say: 'Why, I am all right. I am good enough.' It is looking up in Jesus' face and saying, 'Jesus Christ, your death on Calvary was superfluous. You have made a mistake. I do not need you, it is superfluous.' That is like taking a pen and striking out the word atonement and taking an ax and cutting down the cross and telling Him you don't need it. And some of you are guilty of that; you are self-righteous. 'Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to save.' Oh, the love of Christ for you and you are 'not saved.' Born in another man's stable, buried in another man's grave; His first companions cattle,

and His last thieves; His first resting place a manger and his last somebody else's cross, and that somebody else should have been this poor creature, for I deserve it. You may feel that you do not need a Saviour, but I do, and I had rather be Gipsy Smith this side of Christ than I would be Adam the other. For if I sin I have an advocate with the Father. I am not afraid of the cross. I know they used to come there to die, but since He died they come to live.

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One.

BEING PREPARED FOR DEATH.

"It used to be a sin for anybody save the high priest to go into the holy of holies, and he only once a year, but since He died it is a sin for anybody to stop out. It is 'whosoever.' Blessed cross, blessed Christ, my Saviour, who would not love Thee, who would not serve Thee? Can you bear to think that you are outside? Listen! 'Not saved,' and your chances passing? And you have less now than you had two weeks ago. You are two weeks nearer the grave. You are two weeks nearer the cemetery. And some of you are in mourning already. You have been out to Greenwood. You went out in that procession that came back with one less than you took, and some of you are still feeling the dew of the cemetery upon your cheeks. There will be another funeral in your street, there will be another coffin in your house. It will have a name upon it and as sure as you sit there and God is on His throne it will be thy name. You had better get ready. Your chances are passing. Gray hairs are upon you. You do not get younger. Time is passing. You may not be prepared to admit it or think about it, but it is passing. Death is coming, and while I never tried to frighten you in this mission, for I think if any man in this world tried to appeal to justice and conscience and judgment I have tried to do it—but death is coming and there are people here who will be dead before I shall come to Brooklyn again. Somebody will be gone. The Lord make us ready. Your chances are passing and with the great 'Amen' of these services may close forever your day of grace. Such things have happened, you know. Such things do happen. And such things will happen. It is no good to say, 'But I am strong.' A young lady the other day in the land where I live, went to a dance and took cold, because she was half dressed, until the small hours of the morning. She lived in a lovely home, but the cold gripped her and the doctor was called in, and then the specialist, and she overheard the two talking and she said, 'Doctor, you're deceived. I am going to be well; I am quite well now, in fact. Look, I can get up!' And she began to move, but she fell back in a stupor and from that stupor she was carried to her grave. You may think you are well and strong. You may be gone to-morrow, and so may I. O, Jesus Christ, let my hands be in Thine when I go through the gate of death. Let my hands be in Thine. Your chances are passing. Supposing you knew you were going to live six months; would you take five to serve sin and self and give the other one to Jesus? If I knew I was going to live a thousand years I would not turn back, I would keep my face to the Light. O, God, help you this night to say, 'Lord, I wander, but I am coming home; I will grieve Thee no longer. No longer these words shall describe my condition, for I will come to Thee, I will seek the grace He supplies, the

love which forgives, the blood which cleanses. I will be Thy child.' If you will you will be saved. If you won't you will not be saved, for God saves nobody against his will, God cannot do that and God will not do that.

SURRENDER MUST BE DELIBERATE.

"'Whosoever will, let him come.' One of the things God cannot do is to force you against your choice into surrender. Your surrender must be deliberate. It must be your own. It must be. God can open the blind eye or unstop the deaf ear, or paint a lily bell, or form a dewdrop or create the trill of the bird song, or open the gates of the morning without a creak of their hinges, or set an atom swinging in the sunshine, with all its rhythm and poetry, as much as is in the movement of a constellation; but He can save no man against his will. The will must surrender. And if some of you do not mind God you will have to hear Him say, 'I wanted to save you, but you would not let me; I wanted to.' He said that to Jerusalem, remember. Just before He hung on the nails He said, 'I would, but ye would not. I wanted to, but you said, "No." I spread forth my hand to you, but you would not take hold of it. I would have lifted you to joys ineffable, but you said, "No." I came to deck your brow with heaven's richest diadem, but you played the fool and you just went down in the dirt and said, "I am satisfied with the perishable, the earthly." I offered you heaven, but you said, "Earth is good enough." I offered you glory, but you were satisfied with self. I wanted to, but you would not. I tried, but you said, "No." I offered you my heart, but you refused it.' Are you going to do this thing forever? Will you end this madness? Will you end this moral and spiritual suicide? Will you end it? Aye, and mental suicide, too. You may turn your nose up at it, and think you have outgrown it, but you know nothing about it, for you have not touched it, you have not handled it; you are not a judge, a competent authority. You have never tasted these things, or thought about these things consecutively for five minutes. You don't understand the genius of them. Who are you, to turn your nose up? If you lift your hand to strike at God, it will rot. So it ought. You go out and try to fight the ocean and see how long you will be boss. Ah, why don't you trouble about your soul? Your soul is not a trinket that you can buy for 5 cents and replace when you have lost it. When it is gone it is gone forever. May God Almighty help you to see! Believe me, men and women of Brooklyn, if I could settle this matter for you I would in less time than it takes to say so. If these arms were strong enough I would put them around this house and I would lift you all to Jesus Christ. You should have no more sorrow, nor tears, nor pain, nor disappointment. I would lift you right up to the presence of the King, and say, 'Lord Jesus, here is one armful. Will You give me a little more strength and let me go down for another, for I think I can find another?' But that would not do it. Every man must come for himself, every woman must come for herself.

"Listen! We are saved by grace through faith in Christ, and you will be saved by Christ through faith in Jesus. Won't you have the sense to surrender and believe? You should have seen that glad sight to-day, when nearly 200 men in the crowded theater came down to those front seats to say 'Christ for me.' I

would to God that we could have an inspiration that would move this audience like that and leave nobody outside. My brother, my sister, my heart is very tender to-night. I feel as though I want to say nothing but the beseeching word, the coaxing word, the beautiful word, the attractive word, the all-dominating word, the word of golden capitals, the word with all the music of heaven wrapped up in it, because it has the heart of the Eternal in it. Listen! Here it is—'Come, come, come, for all things are now ready.' Why perish of hunger? Why die in sight of home? Come! Let us pray."

GIPSY SMITH TELLS OF HIS LIFE AND PEOPLE.

Gipsy Smith showed to an audience that crowded the Central Congregational Church a side of his mentality that during the two weeks of his mission was but slightly revealed, although revealed it was—a delicious sense of humor.

The lecture? That was a curious conglomeration. A little of it was devoted to talk about gypsies; more of it was devoted to the pointing and impressing of sound moral truths, and a little of it was personal, but while it was much of a hodge-podge, view from whatever standpoint, it was enriched by the man's humor and kindliness, and while the majority of those who attended the lecture did not by far hear all they had expected to hear, it is very certain that no one individual in all of the great audience was in anywise dissatisfied.

First, Mr. Smith spoke of the conditions with which his people had contended, the handicaps under which they had worked. "How would you like to live in a city of 35,000 people which had been without Bibles, without churches, without preachers, without schools, without teachers for fifty years? You wouldn't live in such a place, I know, yet such were the conditions under which the 35,000 gypsies of England lived until fourteen years ago."

He defended his people warmly. Frankly admitting their faults and their shortcomings, he pointed out

that the average citizen has been very prone to overlook their good traits. "You never heard of a gypsy breaking into a bank," he said, "or of 'reconstructing' one, as they are occasionally reconstructed by modern financiers. We haven't learned enough for that. You never heard of a gypsy robbing the widow or the orphan. You never heard of one of them failing for a few thousands. We don't steal children, either; we've enough of our own."

Explaining this latter virtue, he told of a great-uncle who had died, a Christian, at the age of 101 years. "That man," he said, "was survived by 31 children, and when you have a family like that there is no inclination to steal anybody else's children. And in all of my life I have never known among the English gypsies of a single case of divorce, and I have never known of a fallen woman. The gypsy boy learns early that whatever else he may do he must honor women.

"Whenever a gypsy wagon moves into some parishes in England it is the signal for the members of the parish to begin 'borrowing' their neighbors' belongings. They are perfectly safe, for the gypsy gets the blame. I can remember when I was a little fellow having my father sent to jail for three months for a theft of which he was as innocent as you, a theft of which he knew nothing. But he was a gypsy and could not defend himself and could not appeal. It is only fair, however, to say that they missed him sometimes when they might have fairly had him."

The speaker told how the dread scourge of smallpox had visited his family, seizing first upon one of the children and in the end bringing down both parents and three children and resulting in the mother's death. That death resulted in the father's conversion to Christianity and, later, in the conversion of the five children.

Then, humorously, the gypsy told of how the attention of General William Booth, the great head of the Salvation Army, was attracted to him, how he gave up home and family to take up evangelistic work, and of some of his early experiences. Equipped with but four weeks of schooling, but possessed of indomitable energy and determination, the path was a difficult one, but was conquered and passed over.

Gipsy Smith told of the work that is to-day being done among his people as the result of his effort, there being at present four missionaries at work among the English gypsies, living with them, sharing their tents and their wagons and doing all in their power to save them.

Several times the speaker gave signs of stopping, for he did not begin his lecture until nearly 8:30 and it was soon 10 o'clock, but his audience wanted more and then more and called to him to go on. He talked for one hour and fifty minutes following his introduction by the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth Church.

When Gipsy Smith concluded his lecture Dr. Carson, his face radiant with happiness, took hold of things and after paying a tribute to the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, through whose efforts Gipsy Smith was brought to America and to Brooklyn, but who was called away by duty and was not present at the lecture, said he was going to ask the Rev. Dr. Wilson to move a vote of thanks to Gipsy Smith for the magnificent work done by the latter in Brooklyn. The vote was moved and was expressed in a great chorus of 'Ayes,'

Then Dr. Carson made the interesting and pleasing announcement that Brooklyn might be proud of the record she had made in the mission, for as a result of the collections taken the City of Churches will make a larger financial contribution to the support of the work Gipsy Smith represents and directs than any other American city has made, after paying all the local expenses of the mission and the missioner.

One last request Dr. Carson had to make, that the gypsy sing for his audience, and the evangelist granted the request as gracefully as he has complied with all the other manifold requests made of him while here. Accompanied by his daughter at the piano, who assisted him with her voice in the refrains, he sang two verses of the beautiful hymn he has made so popular by singing it in his meetings, "Happy in the Lord." He said he would come again to Brooklyn, when he could, and then, after he had shaken hands with two or three hundred people who waited to enjoy the privilege, he left the church.

CHURCH LIFE IN AMERICA, AS SEEN BY GIPSY SMITH.

At the request of the editor of the "Congregationalist," of Boston, Gipsy Smith, who has just closed his wonderful mission in Brooklyn, has written an article on "Church Life in America." It speaks of the decline of the prayer meeting, the lessening church attendance and of some encouraging symptoms. The article follows:

"The prosperity of the nation has given the people the wherewithal to indulge the social side of life, and I am afraid this has been to such an extent as to injure, if not to kill, the spiritual life of many. On my first visit to America, eighteen years ago, I was impressed with the fact that most church members were expected to go to the week night prayer meeting, and large numbers went, because they wanted to do so, and seemed to enjoy going, for their spiritual life was fed and helped that way, and it was no uncommon thing to see half, if not two-thirds, of the church membership present at the week night prayer meeting.

"A great change has taken place; this is no longer the rule. It is far more difficult to get the people who call themselves Christians to prayer meeting. The prayer meeting is the life of the church; she stands or falls as she prays. The prayer meeting is the spiritual thermometer of every church. Let me see the week night prayer meeting of any church, and feel its pulse,

and I will gauge its life and tell you what it stands for in the community. The church exists for making Christians, 'The opening of blind eyes, unstopping deaf ears, turning men from darkness to light, and from the powers of Satan unto God.' 'This can come forth by nothing but by prayer.' One of the lost arts of the church is the power to pray, and the love of prayer, for this alone can give passion for souls and keep passion alive.

"Another thing impresses me; the people in America do not go to church on Sunday as they did. The first time General Booth came to America he told us when he returned, 'The Americans were a church-going nation.' It seems growing in fashion to go once a week now. Sons and daughters grow up with the idea and feeling deeply rooted in their hearts, 'There is not so much in religion after all; mother and father think less of it; they have practically given it up; they only go to church once on Sunday and not always as much as that.'

"Along with these sad facts there is the mad craze for pleasure, and I am speaking, of course, of the professed church member. The theater, the dance, and the cards have the right of way everywhere. I am told these beings are eating the life and soul out of the churches, killing all real hunger for God and the salvation of those we love. The people are moral, but not spiritual; refined, but not godly; ornamental in the church, but not useful. The evangelization of the world is not their business. The atmosphere of the church is educational and high-toned, but not convicting or converting.

"Pastors have told me these things, many of them with tears. Some of them say they themselves may be

partly to blame. Their preaching has been along the lines of the lectures on current topics, what the latest novel teaches, an evening with the poets or the higher critics, and they feel that their work has lacked the ringing, certain, evangelistic note, the dear old gospel of the cross, the only appeal to the conscience, the heart, the judgment and the will. I do not say these are the sole causes, but they have tended that way.

"What is needed is a John the Baptist with his startling, piercing cry, 'Repent ye'; some Elijah with his commanding, overwhelming, dominating cry, 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve'; some prophet of the Lord, with his tongue aflame, and his heart breaking with the pathos of Calvary to lift the danger signal, and with clear, clarion tones cry, 'Thus saith the Lord.' These are some things which have burned their way into my heart during the last months, and yet, there are others which give me great hope.

"Everywhere pastors have received me as a brother beloved, welcomed me and my message, glad to have both, and seemed hungry and thirsty for the old, old story, and they know it when they hear it. I never saw ministers anywhere in the world more desirous to see the churches revived, and the people saved, and more willing to follow a sane, wise scriptural evangelism, and they have been willing and glad to learn that there is no incompatibility with the highest culture and the most aggressive Christianity; for evangelism is the gospel of Calvary put into active operation, and I have yet to meet the first evangelical pastor in America to oppose my message and my methods. How many have written or come to me telling that they will henceforth preach the Cross as never before, and many, thank God, are doing this. They have discov-

ered the crowds are not tired of the 'old, old story' and that nothing attracts like the Cross, and I believe the pastors I have met are most anxious to adopt any method which will bring Christ and the crowds together in the ordinary work of the church.

"When those who are members of the churches will give themselves to humble confession of sin—for there is much to confess, backsliding of heart, lukewarmness, unbelief, love of ease, want of sympathy, self-indulgence and love of the world—confession which brings pardon and cleansing, it must be real. No playing at confession will do for God. When sin is put away, then we shall find 'The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, nor His ear heavy that it cannot hear.' When this consecration shall take place the church may rise from the dust, knowing the glory of the Lord has risen upon her, and she may go forth terrible as an army with banners and she may, in the power of Pentecost, shake America to its very center.

"Surely the godless condition of those around us, the drink-fiend, the lust, the crowded divorce courts, the love of money, the intoxicating, pleasure-loving spirit, the cold, formal, useless lives so many live who call themselves Christians, demand that something be done at once to save the name and the honor of our God. And I say to my brethren and their churches of this vast field, everything is in your hands. You love the gospel, preach it in its fullness and the power of the Holy Spirit, for He is given to every man that he may profit withal. The fields are white unto harvest; 'pray ye therefore that the Lord of the harvest may send forth laborers into his harvest.' 'He sent them out two by two.' It looks as though they began to pray, and He answered their prayer by sending

them. Why should this not be so with you? There is an evangelist hidden in every honest pastor; let him come forth. You say, 'I fear there is no evangelist in me.' Well, at least there is, and ought to be, a laborer, and if you will only be faithful, God will take care you are fruitful!"

THE END.

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